

The Listener

Published every Thursday by the British Broadcasting Corporation



Two leaves of an oak door, carved by Aegid Quirin Asam (1692-1750), with allegories from the Old and New Testaments; from the Priesterhaus, St. Johann Nepomuk, Munich: at present on exhibition at the Victoria and Albert Museum, London (see page 766)

In this number:

The 'Lost' Scene from 'The Importance of Being Earnest'
Revolution at Bayreuth (E. M. Forster)
John Locke: the Exile (Maurice Cranston)

NOVEMBER

COUNT YOUR BLESSINGS

To the townsman, the sounds of winter are not very different from the sounds of summer. The pneumatic drill does not alter its note as the evenings draw in; the cry of the news vendor is not, like that of the peewit, stilled by an unfathomable impulse to migrate. But in the country the two seasons make very different impacts on the ear. Summer is never silent. Most of its sounds, like those on Prospero's island, "give delight and hurt not", though from this category we must exclude those made by wasps and thunderstorms.

Winter has a much more limited repertoire. Perhaps it is because they so often present themselves against a background of silence that we acquire a relish for its noises. The ring of an axe in the woods: the huntsman's horn across the valley: the grating, confidential call of partridges settling down for the night—when we grumble about the winter we do not grumble about these. And though writers, seeking to create a cheerless and forlorn atmosphere, often invoke the moaning of the wind in the eaves, not even the most provocative of them has attempted to suggest that this sound is half so dispiriting as the patter of rain on the roof of the cricket pavilion.



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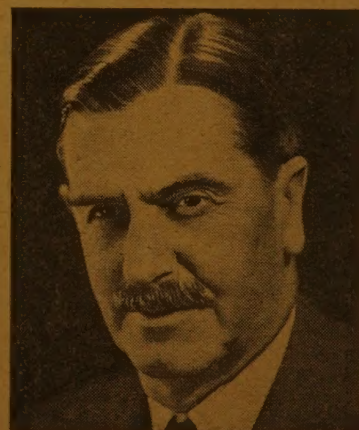
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The Listener

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CONTENTS

THE WORLD TODAY:

Soviet Russia's Proposals (Richard Scott)	743
Mood of Inaction in Italy (Riccardo Aragno)	744
The Future of Egypt (John Marlowe)	745
Race Relations—IV. The Choices Before South Africa (Walter Kolarz)	747
Talking with Germans—IV. A Country of Ghosts (Goronwy Rees)	748

THE LISTENER:

Influential Philosopher	750
What They Are Saying (foreign broadcasts)	750

DID YOU HEAR THAT?

The New Stalingrad (Thomas Barman)	751
Trees and Fungi (M. L. Anderson)	751
A Garden of Statues (Ian McDougall)	752
The Tradition of Street Games (Leo Beharrell)	752

THE THEATRE:

The 'Lost' Scene from 'The Importance of Being Earnest' (introduced by H. Montgomery Hyde)	753
Revolution at Bayreuth (E. M. Forster)	755

POEMS:

Landslide (D. J. Enright)	754
The Silent Woman (Anthony Thwaite)	758

MUSIC:

A Composer and His Public (Michael Tippett)	757
Bartók's Only Opera (Alan Frank)	781

BIOGRAPHY: John Locke: the Exile (Maurice Cranston)	759
--	-----

SCIENCE:

New Discoveries about the Gulf Stream (Henry Charnock)	761
---	-----

NEWS DIARY AND PHOTOGRAPHS OF THE WEEK	762
---	-----

ART:

Bavarian Rococo and Other Exhibitions (David Sylvester)	766
--	-----

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR:

From Geraint V. Jones, G. Iltyd Lewis, Eva Ehrenberg, T. S. Benson, Duncan J. McDonald, John Bonham, C. G. W. Whibley, Geoffrey Chandler, A. Pensabene, G. R. Lamb, Dallas Kenmare, Betty Butcher, V. W. Hogg, T. W. West, Sylvia Sprigge, Keith New, Christopher St. John, Rose Macaulay, Robert Silvey, Professor K. de B. Codrington, Dyneley Hussey, H. Cottrell, and K. R. Mahishi	767
--	-----

THE LISTENER'S BOOK CHRONICLE	771
--------------------------------------	-----

CRITIC ON THE HEARTH:

Television Documentary (Reginald Pound)	776
Television Drama (Philip Hope-Wallace)	776
Sound Drama (J. C. Trewin)	777
The Spoken Word (Martin Armstrong)	779
Music (Dyneley Hussey)	779

FOR THE HOUSEWIFE	783
--------------------------	-----

NOTES ON CONTRIBUTORS	783
------------------------------	-----

CROSSWORD NO. 1,279	783
----------------------------	-----

Soviet Russia's Proposals

By RICHARD SCOTT

AS one who earns his living by writing about foreign affairs I am almost beginning to get anxious at the number of international problems that have been settled during the past few months—and most of them have been hardy perennials that have been good for a column at almost any time during the past few years. I am wondering what there is going to be left to write about if it goes on like this. Rather a shocking thing to say, no doubt, but I suppose there is a grain of truth in the cynical remark that was once made to me, that reporters on foreign no less than on domestic affairs are just chroniclers of other people's misfortunes.

I think there is more to it than that. But to get back to these agreements: let me list the main ones. There is the settlement of the Anglo-Persian dispute over oil, the Anglo-Egyptian dispute over the Suez Canal base, and the dispute between Italy and Yugoslavia over Trieste. On all these questions, which have been real danger spots for years, final agreement has been reached in the last few weeks. An agreement was also reached in Geneva on the ending of the fighting in Indo-China and another agreement followed on the south-east Asian defence organisation. And just over a week ago we had the agreements on German rearmament, the ending of the occupation regime, the extension of the Brussels Pact, and finally on the Saar. If you add up all these recent agreements it really does amount to a rather remarkable improvement in the affairs of the free world. The free world cannot help but be stronger as a result. And disunity and internal friction have been

as great a danger to the free world as anything that the communist countries could do to it. So we can be well pleased with what has been achieved in the field of foreign affairs in the last few months.

But these agreements give only one side of the picture. You will have noticed that the only agreement I listed which settled a dispute between the communist and the non-communist worlds was that on Indo-China. All the others were agreements within the non-communist world. And clearly the greatest danger of all—the final catastrophe—is a head-on collision between the two halves into which the world has been divided by communism. Compared to this disaster the differences within the free world are little more than family squabbles. So, while we can be satisfied at the greater solidarity and unity which the ending of these old disputes may bring to the free world, we ought to look at the state of our relations with the other half of the world—the communist half—before we can really sit back and relax.

Let me say at once that there has been not perhaps so much an improvement in our relations as a sort of relaxation in tension. I think the Russians are trying to appear more reasonable and more ready to sit down and negotiate for other than purely propaganda purposes; that for the moment, at any rate, coexistence is genuinely a part of Soviet policy. For recent indications of this I would mention Russia's acceptance of the Trieste agreement, her readiness at last to normalise her relations with Yugoslavia, and her new proposals at the United Nations on disarmament.

ment. It is true that Mr. Vyshinsky's later explanations on his disarmament proposals made it fairly clear that they were not as revolutionary as he had led us to believe, and were not in fact likely to lead to much progress being made. But it is something that Russia apparently felt it necessary at least to appear to have accepted much of the Western Powers' plan for disarmament—which before she had always ridiculed and rejected.

I feel fairly sure that one of the reasons why Russia is now ready for coexistence is the growing strength and unity of the western world. It seems that a policy of greater apparent reasonableness suits Russia's book: first because the greater strength and unity of the west means that she is less likely to be able to frighten us into concessions by an aggressive policy; and also because a show of reasonableness is her best way of splitting the western camp. And it has been fear of communism that has given western unity its main impetus. So Moscow, no doubt, argues that if the fear is reduced, so will be the urge for unity.

How should the Western Powers act in face of this apparently more reasonable Soviet attitude? Let us agree, first, that it is a policy we should welcome rather than fear, suspect it how we will. We must go carefully, but we do not want to miss a genuine opportunity to settle some of our differences with the Russians. We have had two cases in point in the past week or two—disarmament, and the Soviet proposal for another four-power conference on Germany.

At first glance the Soviet disarmament proposals seemed to take a large step towards the views of the Western Powers. In fact, Mr. Vyshinsky claimed that his proposals were based on those put forward by the west earlier in the year and rejected at the time by the Russians. This sounded most encouraging—and the obvious first step was to find out exactly what Mr. Vyshinsky's proposals really meant, because they had been expressed in rather general terms. So searching questions were put to Mr. Vyshinsky, and after some valiant evasive tactics he made it fairly clear that in fact his proposals still did not accept the basic

principles—such as effective inspection—which the Western Powers considered absolutely essential to any disarmament plan. So the western proposals and Mr. Vyshinsky's proposals have had to go back for further study by a sub-committee. It looks as though this was a case of Russia trying to demonstrate her goodwill and reasonableness and her readiness to negotiate, but without in fact being ready to pay a price which would even begin to make agreement possible.

What about the German question and the holding of another four-power conference? Is this also an empty Soviet gesture? Frankly, I think it is. But I do not think we have necessarily got to turn it down. For one thing public opinion tends to be open-minded and hopeful. I rather think that we need to have a major conference with the Russians every twelve months or so if only to convince public opinion in the west—perhaps particularly in France and Germany—that we are always ready to negotiate with the Russians and that the Russians are still impossible to negotiate with. If we can get some results so much the better; if not, we shall not have done ourselves any harm provided it does not cause undue delay.

But on this question of Germany the timing of a conference is extremely important. It seems obvious that the Russians put forward their last proposal for a four-power conference with an eye to making the acceptance of the Paris agreements on such things as German rearmament more difficult. They have tried to maintain that if these agreements are put through, the possibility of reuniting Germany disappears. But it is my belief that if the Russians are prepared to accept the unification of Germany on terms acceptable to the west, the adoption of the Paris agreements will not make any added difficulty; because it seems clear that the Western Powers would not accept any settlement with the Russians unless this left it open to them to take the same sort of measures as are provided for in these Paris agreements. It therefore seems essential that these agreements should be already in force before we sit down to another four-power conference.—*Home Service*

Mood of Inaction in Italy

By RICCARDO ARAGNO

IT has been felt by many people in Italy that, behind the excitement of the Montesi affair, Italian foreign policy had gone into a sort of long lull. A much stronger and clearer stand should have been taken in Brussels or in Paris, if not on E.D.C. or German rearmament which never meant much to the Italian people, at least on a European federation, an ideal still very dear to us. While De Gasperi was still alive his authoritative advice, particularly in matters concerning Europe, could be sought day by day. When he died an immediate change in the government could again have been misinterpreted. In my country government changes do not come off as easily as in yours, in an embargoed Sunday afternoon announcement from the Prime Minister's office. Being a complex coalition, the Italian Government constitutes a delicate balance of ministerial posts, of attitudes and personalities. It looks, at times, like a castle of cards that might collapse at the approach of the hand that wants to strengthen it. Taking Piccioni out of the Government was bound to upset the balance and provoke a crisis. It was done, when it finally became necessary, with sufficient speed and skill to avoid prolonged wrangling.

The Scelba Government has now been in power for about ten months. There is a feeling that nothing is being done and in Rome there is already talk of a change. The Scelba Government, it is true, did not put forward any programme. When Scelba got his confidence vote he made it clear that he had not had time to formulate a programme. He had only succeeded in putting together a Cabinet in a hurry. Still he aimed very high: he spoke of restoring a severe ethical standard in public life, of stepping up administrative efficiency, of enforcing fiscal justice. Vague as such statements may sound, these are terribly concrete problems. They cannot be solved in ten months, but it is up to the Government to give the country the feeling that

something is being done. This feeling is at the moment completely lacking, while in point of fact the immense reforms that have been started by the De Gasperi Government are still going ahead. The truth is, it seems to me, that this is a particularly static period in Italian politics. The major political figure has disappeared.

Even the Vatican is not in a particularly dynamic mood. Under the impact of post-war changes it seems to be almost evenly divided into two camps. This mood of inaction and stalemate is reflected in the behaviour of the Opposition too. At the moment, in accordance with the general pattern, communist ruthlessness has been replaced by suavity. No more arms dumps, no more violent political strikes. And, indeed, kindness seems to kill many more floating voters than noisy propaganda and slamming of doors. The Communists internally are bent on coexistence. Nenni went one step further, and started the talk of *apertura a sinistra*, the opening of the government coalition toward the left to include his fellow-travelling party. The international situation further complicates the issue. Sir Winston Churchill's speech on 'a meeting at the summit' has had an impact on continental minds far beyond anything that can be imagined over here.

For the first time in several years, I found that in Rome Communists and Liberals were having their meals at the same *trattoria*, even at the same table. This was something normal from the days of the liberation up to 1947 or 1948 but had then disappeared completely and would not be possible now, without Stalin's death, Sir Winston Churchill's speech, and other recent events. Some Rome politicians look back with nostalgia now to the cold war. The cold war provided a clear-cut line. It strengthened the allegiance of millions of floating voters. It made politics so much more comfortably dogmatic.

—From a talk in the Third Programme

The Future of Egypt

By JOHN MARLOWE

THE other day I was reading an account of the Putney debates at which the politically minded officers of Cromwell's New Model Army argued about national policy during the last days of the Long Parliament. These 'russet-coated captains'—men like Pride and Ireton and Whalley—in their naivety and sincerity, in their alternating moods of humility and bombast, of toleration and intolerance, of confidence and something near panic, reminded me powerfully of the young army officers who are ruling Egypt today.

In some ways these young Egyptian officers are faced with the same problems as faced the Puritan leaders after the execution of Charles I. They have temporarily triumphed over their active enemies, and they are now faced with the more insidious opposition of cynicism and derision among the educated classes, and apathy and disillusion among the ignorant classes. This combination destroyed the Puritan Revolution in England. How is the Egyptian Revolution going to fare?

The Egyptian army leaders are at a great disadvantage compared with Cromwell's Ironsides in that they have neither the leadership of a Cromwell nor the prestige of past military victories. Mohamed Neguib, the original titular leader of the revolution, was never much more than a figurehead, although, as a figurehead, he developed political ambitions which led to his political eclipse. Now, as President, he sits in gilded impotence in the old royal palace at Abdine with his telephone tapped and his correspondence censored. Such popular enthusiasm as there was for the revolution at the outset was evoked by the personality of Mohamed Neguib, which really did 'catch on' with the Egyptian people. But Neguib was a Kerensky rather than a Cromwell and, if he had had his way—which at one point he probably could have done if he had had sufficient determination and ruthlessness—he would have led Egypt away from revolutionary courses back to parliamentary democracy.

When the struggle for power took place last winter between Neguib and Abdul Nasser, Neguib was supported by the cavalry officers, led by Kamel Mohieddin, a member of the Revolutionary Council, and Nasser was supported by the infantry, artillery, and Air Force. This split in the armed forces was due in part to the superior social status of the cavalry officers who were becoming alarmed at the social doctrines of Abdul Nasser and his supporters. For good or ill, Abdul Nasser won that trial of strength, the cavalry officers have been well, though bloodlessly, purged, and Kamel Mohieddin has been sent into an exile disguised as an official purchasing mission. (One may note, in parenthesis, and, I think, respect and admire, the extraordinary lack of ruthlessness displayed by the revolutionary leaders towards their opponents. The executions can be counted on the fingers of one hand. The King was allowed to go into exile. Many of those sentenced to long terms of imprisonment by the Revolutionary Tribunal are now sitting quietly in their homes. There has certainly been a good deal of shabby and petty spitefulness, but of bloodshed and horror very little.)

As a result of the elimination of

Neguib, the Egyptian Revolution has gained in political coherence and purpose, but has lost considerably in popularity and prestige. Two years ago, whenever Neguib appeared in public, the cheers which greeted him really did sound spontaneous and enthusiastic. When Abdul Nasser or any of the army leaders appear in public now, well-drilled claque



General Neguib being enthusiastically received during a tour of Lower Egypt in 1952

shout rhythmic slogans just as they used to do in the days of Farouk and Nahas. And the army, which still provides the whole impetus for the revolutionary movement, has little prestige to compensate for the lack of personal magnetism in the leaders. The historical background of the abortive Arabi revolt, which is continually being quoted by the

army leaders, is not really an inspiring one. Professionally, there is nothing in the martial past of the Egyptian army to inspire either affection or respect. Socially, the Egyptian army officers previously enjoyed little of the prestige accorded to army officers in some other countries; while this may explain in part the emergence of army officers as a revolutionary body, it also helps to explain the supercilious attitude which educated Egyptians tend to adopt towards the present regime.

In one respect, however, the Egyptian revolutionaries have an easier task than the Puritan leaders to whom I have likened them. The Egyptians, excitable on the surface, are, by and large, an extremely docile people, which could not have been said of the English people in the seventeenth century. The problem before Abdul Nasser and his colleagues is not how to maintain themselves in power, which they can do easily enough with a relatively well-paid and efficient army and a relatively well-organised security service, but how to make some constructive use of the power which they have so easily and so bloodlessly obtained.



Primitive method of raising water in a land where irrigation is a major problem
J. Allan Cash

Those of us who know and who love Egypt, whether or not we particularly like the methods of Abdul Nasser and his associates, would like to see the development of something better than another twopenny-halfpenny military dictatorship, eked out by foreign aid, in which ever-increasing poverty and misery fester sullenly behind a thin façade of military parades and tourist attractions. But if this is to be avoided it will not be sufficient to achieve diplomatic triumphs, to maintain internal security, and to receive a steady trickle of arms and technical assistance from abroad.

Egypt today has a population of some 22,000,000, increasing at a rate of about 250,000 a year. She has little industry and her cultivable area is limited, ultimately by the amount of Nile water flowing through Egypt, and immediately by the extent to which that water is used for irrigation. The present irrigated area is insufficient to support the present agricultural population, even on the pathetically low standards of life obtaining (the average income of an Egyptian peasant family is estimated at the equivalent of about £30 a year), and every year more and more people are being crowded off the land into the slums of the cities. In order even to maintain present living standards, productive work has to be found for the annual population increase both by a progressive increase in the cultivable, that is to say the irrigated, area, and by industrial development.

A Vicious Spiral

It is estimated that in 1950 ten per cent. less food was consumed per head of the Egyptian population than in 1930. This means that in the most vital matter of all Egypt is not even standing still; she is going backwards. And I do not think that the present regime would claim that this trend has yet been reversed. You have got poverty perpetuating ignorance and ignorance perpetuating poverty. This vicious spiral must be broken. The basic need is for capital investment—for new irrigation works, for agricultural settlement on lands brought into cultivation by new irrigation works, for the establishment of new industries, and for the development of existing industries. The subsidiary need is to inject into the Egyptian people, and particularly into the educated minority of the Egyptian people, something of the urgency and energy which is demanded by the problems facing Egypt, and which is actually possessed by the handful of young officers who are now ruling Egypt.

To take the problem of capital investment first. Unless an under-capitalised country adopts the ruthless and forcible methods of capital investment characteristic of communism, or unless it is fortunate enough to have large liquid capital resources at its disposal, it must, if it is to become a field for large-scale investment, offer better terms to free enterprise than is necessary in heavily capitalised countries. This is particularly the case in Egypt since, short of wholesale expropriation, it would be impossible to mobilise from domestic sources anything like the capital investment, let alone the technical resources, required.

It is here that the legitimate Egyptian desire for detailed and comprehensive government control is at war with the urgent necessity for increased capital investment. Capital investment in Egypt is too tender a plant to be subjected to the methods of control which are familiar in Great Britain and the United States. This would be so even if regulations and controls were intelligently and consistently applied. That they are not often so applied is not surprising when one considers the difficulties inherent in trying to run a managed economy with a demoralised and underpaid civil service which is only just emerging from a long and unsavoury tradition of corruption and nepotism.

Compared with the position obtaining in many Asiatic and South American countries, the position of the foreign capitalist is neither unfavourable in itself, nor unduly discriminatory *vis-à-vis* Egyptian nationals. Company taxation is low; regulations about the repatriation of profits reasonable; restrictions on the employment of foreigners not unduly severe. The most onerous and frustrating aspect of these regulations and restrictions, as well as of those, such as import restrictions and labour laws, which affect Egyptians and foreigners alike, is the amount of time and energy involved in groping a way through a labyrinth of formalities.

In some ways the foreigner is better placed than his Egyptian colleague or competitor, who finds it difficult to leave Egypt on business, and who may be subjected to arbitrary arrest, fine, imprisonment, or petty persecution. In practice the worst that can happen to a foreigner who behaves himself as regards the ordinary criminal law is to be thrown out of the country, and this happens comparatively rarely. What the foreigner is up against in Egypt is neither xenophobia nor excessive economic nationalism, but a sort of generalised official suspicion

which extends both to Egyptians and to foreigners and which is reciprocated by the suspicion harboured against the Government by most of the inhabitants of Egypt. Mutual suspicion between governor and governed is traditional in most oriental countries; and a military dictatorship is not a form of government obviously designed either to stop suspecting people or to persuade people to stop suspecting them. It is a legacy both of past indigenous oppression and foreign domination and of present feelings of insecurity and inadequacy. It is, I think, a malaise which has far-reaching effects both on the economic and on the psychological aspects of Egypt's problems. It helps to explain why the Egyptian revolution has not 'taken' in the sense of creating anything like a popular movement which 'knows what it is fighting for and loves what it knows'.

Almost every educated Egyptian knows what Egypt needs—in two words, increased productivity—and, either from the capitalist or from the communist point of view, has an intellectual appreciation of the methods necessary to attain it. What is lacking is any real will or determination to do anything about it. That is why I say that the revolution has not 'taken'.

The need for positive and informed understanding and support for the professed and, as I believe, sincere aims of the present Egyptian Government is becoming more apparent now that there are signs of positive opposition emerging. This opposition is centred on the Moslem Brotherhood, which seems to be becoming a Cave of Adullam for everyone, communists, ex-pashas and fire-eating students, as well as fanatical Moslems who, for various reasons, are discontented with the present regime. The one thing in common between these various elements is opposition to the Government: the communists presumably because of the party line, the ex-pashas because they want to go back to the good old days, the students because they find agitation more exciting than working for examinations, and the fanatical Moslems because they want no truck with the west. Islam may provide a convenient rallying cry for all this varied discontent but I cannot see Islam in Egypt today being used as an effective political weapon by anyone. Islam has little hold on educated people in Egypt, and among uneducated people is far more a source of comfort than a source of power.

The importance of Islam as a political factor seems to have been consistently overrated in British official circles. One recalls the illusory importance attached in 1914 to the possibility that the Sultan of Turkey, as Khalif-al-Islam, might unite the Moslems of the world, including the Moslems of India, in a holy war against the Allies. One remembers the influence exerted on our Palestine policy by the fear of repercussions among the Moslems of India. Even today there is a tendency to exaggerate the counter-revolutionary potential of Islam, in Egypt and elsewhere, whether from the point of view of combating communism or of opposing westernisation. In my view the most that Islam can do today in the political field is to buttress an appeal to reactionary prejudices. The real strength of the opposition is not religious fanaticism, still less is it the appeal of communism or the attraction of a return to the *status quo* ante the revolution. Its real strength lies in the fact that for obvious historical reasons the Egyptian mind finds it much easier to generate enthusiasm for opposing things than for helping to create them.

Target for Criticism

The Anglo-Egyptian agreement looks like causing a dangerous lacuna in the Egyptian consciousness. The Egyptian Government will inevitably become the target for much of the criticism which previously was diverted against British imperialism. The temptation to build up another foreign enemy for domestic purposes is likely to be a strong one. The temptation to seek foreign quarrels for the purpose of allaying domestic discontents was not entirely resisted by the Puritan rulers of England. We shall understand the present regime in Egypt better if we think of it in terms of seventeenth-century England rather than of twentieth-century Europe. Much of the British criticism directed at Abdul Nasser and his colleagues stems from the scant respect which they showed for the sovereignty of the Egyptian parliament. Whatever anyone may think of the English Puritans, there will be few to condemn them today because of their disrespect for the doctrine of the Divine Right of Kings. But this doctrine was just as respectable in the seventeenth century as the doctrine of the sovereignty of parliament is today. In so far as Abdul Nasser and his colleagues have offended western susceptibilities, they have done so out of lack of respect, not for the eternal verities, but for twentieth-century democratic conventions.

—Third Programme

Race Relations—IV

The Choices Before South Africa

By WALTER KOLARZ

THERE are few racial problems in the present world that arouse so much passion as those bound up with the South African situation. Anyone who studies the question finds it hard to suppress personal feelings whenever the policy of the Malan Government and its theoretical foundations are discussed.

It was therefore both difficult and important for the recent Race Relations Conference in Honolulu to maintain its scholarly objectivity when the South African problem appeared on the agenda. It may be said that it succeeded in this task. The delegates had the opportunity of hearing several speakers from South Africa itself, who differed widely in racial background and approach. Their contributions threw new light on the three political concepts on race relations which the Union of South Africa has to choose from. These three alternatives are total segregation, *apartheid*, and integration. The difference between 'total segregation' and '*apartheid*' is usually obliterated by the fact that both concepts tend to be associated with the dominant and militant white groups in the Union and in particular with its Afrikaans-speaking section. 'Total segregation' looks like a translation of the Afrikaans term *Apartheid*. However, this is not the case. There is a significant difference between the two.

'Apartheid' Laws

Of the three concepts, that of *apartheid* has become the best known, for it is the only one which has been put into practice and it is the one which usually catches the headlines of the European and American newspapers. It departs from the assumption that the introduction of formal democracy and equality in South Africa would mean domination by the non-whites over the Europeans. To prevent this and to guarantee unlimited self-determination for the white people, the supporters of *apartheid* deny political self-determination to the black man. He is to remain the perpetual ward of the white man and the *apartheid* policy makes no allowance for self-government of the Bantu people, even in a distant future. The legislative measures which, in recent years, have put the *apartheid* concept into effect, aim at frustrating any tendency to blur the colour line. There is, for instance, the Population Registration Act, providing for the issue of identity cards to the entire population. These cards show the bearer's race and thus make the racial division more formal and more rigid. There are the Mixed Marriages Act and the Immorality Act, tightening up previous legislation prohibiting marriage and intercourse between white and African. There is the Group Areas Act, that ensures the residential and business segregation of various groups. There is the Public Amenities Act, which makes it legal for public authorities to provide unequal facilities for non-whites. Finally, there is the Native Labour Act of October 1953. It institutes a special industrial arbitration machinery for Africans and withdraws legal recognition from African trade unions. These are only some of the more important *apartheid* laws.

One delegate to the Race Relations Conference in Honolulu expressed the view that the *apartheid* concept had certain features which were reminiscent of the caste system in India. Indeed, there seem to be certain similarities. The theological doctrine of the elect, the caste division of labour, the concept of pollution through contact with a lower caste; all these exist in a certain sense in South Africa. However, in India the caste system is now breaking down. In South Africa it is being consolidated.

It is realised by many white people in South Africa, including the Afrikaans-speaking section, that the *apartheid* policy has the great factual and moral drawback of totally ignoring the standpoint of the African. This has been recognised also by the Dutch Reformed Churches, of which Prime Minister Malan himself is a minister. 'No nation in the world', declared the Dutch Reformed Churches in a frequently quoted statement, 'could always be satisfied with no say or only an indirect say on the political and socio-economic organisation of the country. . . . To expect the Bantu to be satisfied with such a state of affairs is not only unfair to him, but will also eventually lead to the greatest disillusionment and strife'. This being the view of the Dutch

Reformed Churches, they feel a need for a different concept, that holds out some hope for the Africans. Their opinion is shared by a new organisation, the South African Bureau on Racial Affairs (abbreviated Sabra), which was launched in 1952 by Afrikaans students of race problems. Both the Reformed Churches and Sabra consider that the answer to South Africa's racial problems may lie in a territorial separation of Europeans and Bantus in South Africa.

Under this plan of 'separate development' or 'total segregation', about fifteen per cent. of the territory of the South African Union would be given to the Africans. This is a small area considering that the Africans outnumber the Europeans by four to one. However, the protagonists of the scheme say that percentages alone mean nothing in terms of economic possibilities. They claim that the majority of the land which would be permanently allocated to the Africans is in the best rainfall areas of the country. Within the territory of the projected 'Bantustan', which is to be based on the already existing African reservations, self-governing institutions would be created and industrial development would be encouraged so as to provide a balanced economy. This is at variance with the official *apartheid* policy which aims at creating new industries only at the periphery of native territories so that they should be both a safe possession of the whites and easily able to obtain native manpower. The 'Bantustan' of the advocates of separate development would ultimately become completely free of white domination. The European territories in South Africa, on the other hand, would have to make every effort to reduce the number of their African population as much as possible. Even so, a certain number of Africans would still be required to keep economic life in the European areas going. These would enjoy no political rights, but would have the status of foreign migrant labourers. Those who advocate territorial 'separate development' believe that the Afrikaans people and its political leaders can be won for the plan and for the abandonment of the more limited concept of *apartheid*.

Those who advocate integration, the third alternative for a settlement of the South African race problem, work for the establishment of a South African citizenship common to all races—white, black, coloured, and Indian. This idea has the support of the English-speaking Churches of South Africa, the representative political organisations of the non-white peoples, and also of the Race Relations Institute in Johannesburg, a liberal inter-racial body which works for co-operation across the colour line. Integration means the maintenance of western civilisation in South Africa but with an ever-increasing participation of non-whites who accept western standards. It means that non-whites would get a share on every level in the political, cultural, economic, and social life of South Africa. Integration is not identical with total assimilation. Each of the races of South Africa would go on developing its own culture and national individuality but within the overriding framework of a democratic state and within the limits of its own resources, not at the expense of another group.

The supporters of the various theories put forward to solve the South African race conflict consider the concepts of their opponents as unrealistic and in parts immoral and dangerous. The strongest argument of the adherents of *apartheid* against integration is that the vast majority of the white people can never accept it. The integrationists on the other hand can, with equal validity, point to the fact that *apartheid* and separate development are rejected by the Africans.

The Alternative of Communism

Although only three basic ways of settling the race problem are usually discussed in South Africa itself, there are other alternatives that loom in the background. One of them is communism. In recent years, both the supporters of Malan and his opponents have frequently invoked the question of communism in relation to South Africa. Malan's supporters have claimed that the *apartheid* policy aims, amongst other things, at suppressing communism, and his opponents have asserted that the policy of racial discrimination is really playing into communist hands. But whatever the truth in the matter, it may be more important

to consider what communist rule would mean in South African terms. Communist rule would do away with the segregation laws of *apartheid* but it would not pursue that policy of integration which is advocated by liberal public opinion. To judge from the internal set-up in Soviet Russia, a Union of Soviet Socialist Republics of South Africa would come into being which would consist of a considerable number of smaller territorial units. Each Bantu tribe might be granted a separate state of its own and similar territories might be set aside for the Cape coloured, the Afrikaans, and English-speaking people. All these new states would enjoy considerable constitutional rights on paper, but they would be rigidly controlled from one central point.

But who would hold the balance of power in this atomised, communist South Africa? I think that Leninist-Stalinist theory on the leading role of the working class answers this question. It would be decisive from the communist point of view that the European element constitutes the most advanced section of the South African working class. So the European proletariat would become the leading force in a communist South Africa and dominate the masses of black farmers and unskilled labourers.

In a certain sinister way equality would prevail in Soviet South Africa. The Nationalist Party of Malan would be banned but so would the large fighting organisations of the non-Europeans, particularly the African National Congress and the Indian National Congress of Natal, which would have a legal existence under the present South African regime. Every expression of Zulu nationalism would be suppressed in the same ruthless way as Afrikaans nationalism, and the printed word would be fettered irrespective of the language in which it might appear. Anti-religious policy would hit all Churches; both the large Christian Churches and the small native African Churches that have split away from them which loudly proclaim their opposition to *apartheid*. The latter, which herald the coming of a 'Black Messiah', might even appear more dangerous to the communists and become the object of particularly severe persecution.

So much about a communist South Africa. It is only a theoretical

alternative, but it is as well to keep it in mind when trying to view the South African problem in the right perspective. In practice, however, the future of race relations in South Africa is less likely to be affected by distant communist Russia than by political events and ideological currents in other parts of Africa. There can be little doubt that the *apartheid* policy is out of step with trends which have crystallised all over the 'black continent'. In the British territories of Central and East Africa the maxim 'Equal rights to all civilised men' appears as a desirable aim to the administrators. They recognise integration and inter-racial partnership, which is the very opposite of *apartheid*, as their political objectives. The word 'partnership' also figures in the Constitution of the new Federation of Rhodesia and Nyasaland. Partnership in the Federation may not yet be reality, but it certainly is a binding legal pledge. In British West Africa, particularly in the Gold Coast and Nigeria, the speedy growth of self-governing institutions not only results in new political responsibilities for the African but also strengthens his sense of self-confidence and gives him a new feeling of dignity. In the vast French territories of West and Equatorial Africa, which reach from the Sahara to the Congo, a similar process is taking place. The once inarticulate 'native' is being transformed into a conscious citizen and the Negro *élite* is becoming increasingly mindful of the values of its own cultural background. It is adopting the new concept of 'negritude', a concept of intense racial awareness which supplants the formerly uncritical, wholesale acceptance of French-European civilisation.

From British and French Africa new ideas and concepts are likely to radiate to the other African territories. What their exact nature will be it is still too early to say, but one of them may be pan-Africanism. After all, the peoples of Africa are in many ways the pupils of the peoples of Europe. Their leaders have witnessed in recent years the growth of the idea of European continental solidarity. They may want to apply it to their own continent, and the black people in the Union of South Africa may turn out to be a primary objective of pan-African solidarity.—*European Service*

Talking with Germans—IV

A Country of Ghosts

By GORONWY REES

I HAVE spoken frequently in these talks about the instability of the Germans, and their tendency to sudden and impetuous reversals of policy and of thought. One can find examples of such instability among some of the most distinguished Germans who, though consciously they have appeared as violent critics of their own country, are still profoundly typical and representative of their countrymen. In this respect the philosopher Nietzsche's book, *The Will to Power*, with its demand for a total 'revaluation of all values' is the most typical of all German books; but Nietzsche perhaps is no more typical than Karl Marx, who began by being a fanatical and extreme disciple of Hegel's but, when he found that Hegel would not fit the facts, produced an alternative philosophy by the simple process of standing Hegel on his head. And perhaps it was because he was so entirely free of this tendency to sudden and dramatic reversals of feeling and thought that Goethe remains the greatest, as he is the most untypical, of all Germans.

In the conduct of individual Germans, and of Germans in the mass, this fundamental trait in their character showed itself, up to the end of the war, chiefly as a tendency towards extremism of various kinds, in politics, in the arts, and in philosophy; to a young man from this country this gave life in Germany a certain dramatic and exciting quality. It is the total absence of this quality from life in Germany today which struck me on my last visit; it was as if a familiar food had lost the particular taste and smell by which one recognised it.

I think, perhaps, I was most struck by this because of the particular time at which I arrived, because I happened to land on the aerodrome in Düsseldorf on the same day that the French National Assembly rejected the European Defence Community Treaty, and thereby, for the moment, seemed to destroy the very foundation of German policy during the past few years. I should certainly have expected such an event to have provoked violent reactions of various kinds in the

Germans. And certainly it caused dismay, bewilderment, and bitter disappointment in many Germans, and the German Chancellor could not restrain himself from one violent, though understandable, outburst of bad temper. But that general outburst of bad temper, that revulsion of feeling, which one might have expected, was remarkably absent. The general feeling was that western Germany had suffered a reverse, not a defeat, and that by restraint, patience, and persistence in following her chosen policy she might overcome this reverse; and perhaps I should add that in this situation the Germans instinctively and characteristically looked towards this country for help.

I said to a journalist in Hamburg that I found this kind of reaction remarkable, and he replied that this was only because I had failed to take into account one of the great changes that has taken place in Germany. 'The situation is a curious one', he said, 'the forces in France that defeated the European Defence Community Treaty were a combination of the extreme right, the nationalists, and the extreme left, the communists, a combination of Thorez and de Gaulle. And, similarly, in your own country, the opposition to such an agreement is based on an alliance of your extreme left and extreme right. This kind of combination', he said, 'between the extremes for a particular end has been a familiar one to us in the past; you will remember the joint strike by the National Socialists and communists in Berlin on the eve of the collapse of the Weimar Republic. But today even the possibility of such a combination does not exist in western Germany. The extremes do not exist. There is no German de Gaulle, there is no German Thorez, in the sense that these are men of political power and influence who represent a large body of public opinion. Germany today is a land without extremists; it is always possible that we may change, but it will take more than the defeat of E.D.C. to make us.

'And I must confess', he went on, 'that to Germans like myself it is profoundly discouraging that so many of your countrymen should

confine their interests in Germany to finding new evidence that we still are what we once were. We realise that there are justifiable reasons for such an attitude, and that many people have good reason to fear, hate, and suspect us. Yet if those reasons are to hold good for ever; if they are to be a justification for keeping us permanently in a position of inferiority and inequality; if they imply that we must be deprived of all means of defence, while no alternative defence is offered us, against the strongest military power in the world which already occupies part of our country; if, above all, it means that we are not fit to become members of a European community; then we believe that we are placed in an intolerable situation which can end only in disaster. We could only end like the old lag out of prison whose past disqualifies him from association with decent people, and therefore has no choice but to revert to crime; we should become the habitual delinquent of Europe'.

Oscillation between East and West

I must emphasise that this conversation took place almost immediately after the French rejection of the European Defence Community agreement, when the Germans were suffering under the immediate impact of the shock. And since, at that moment, the prospects of a revival of the agreement, or of an alternative to it which would achieve substantially the same ends, did not seem particularly bright, it was natural that the Germans should consider what other possible courses of action were open to them. And of course it was inevitable that many should look to the possibility of solving their problems through some sort of accommodation with the east. This oscillation between east and west is a permanent factor in German politics; it is the result of conditions which are so fundamental that it is likely never to cease altogether. Germany is a country without natural frontiers, that lies open to east and west; and this fundamental geographical factor conditions the political thinking of nearly all Germans—indeed, more than their political thinking, for it affects their entire attitude towards Europe and the culture of the west. Germany is pulled both east and west; and when the force of attraction of the one weakens, she begins to succumb to the other.

Sophisticated Germans sometimes regard this as a position of strength and not of weakness, as if to lie between two immensely powerful forces made one the master of both. A very sophisticated German, the novelist Ernst von Salomon, said while I was in Germany: 'Of course, one must keep the ball in the air between east and west—all the time'; and this is a fairly typical expression of such an attitude. But at the time I was in Germany, it was inevitable that the minds of many ordinary Germans should turn towards the east, and particularly because it is tempting for Germans to believe that, in return for west Germany surrendering her ties with Europe and the United States, the Soviet Union would be willing to bring about the reunification of Germany.

The desire for reunification is very strong in all Germans; so much so that every political party has to place reunification first on its programme. Yet every German of whom I asked the question, what sacrifice would he make for the sake of reunification? answered: 'Every sacrifice—except the sacrifice of freedom', by which, in effect, they meant the only sacrifice which is likely to be asked of them. I was, and remain, surprised by such an answer, for Germans have not in the past been notable for sacrificing national unity to the desire for freedom; in the past they have usually regarded the two as synonymous, and thereby effectively sacrificed their freedom. That this is no longer the case was for me yet another sign of the profound change that has taken place in Germany; but I think it must be remembered that, in the long run, the desire for national unity is likely to become stronger rather than weaker in Germany, and whether again it submerges the desire for freedom depends entirely on how far we allow the desire for freedom to achieve a legitimate satisfaction in the only part of Germany where at present it can be satisfied—in the German Federal Republic.

At this point let me refer to the conversation I quoted at the beginning of this talk, and especially to the remarks that there are no extremists in Germany today. I asked a member of the Federal Parliament in Bonn whether he thought this was true. After a moment, in which he looked rather puzzled by my question, he said that on the whole he thought it was. Then, again after a moment's hesitation, he added: 'And yet such people must exist, though I must confess that I cannot think of one myself. I know people who express violent views when they get drunk; I know people who have a violent personal

grudge against the occupation forces; but I imagine this is not what you mean. I take it you mean people who hold consistently extreme political views of a general nature. I don't know any, and yet', he repeated, 'they must exist'.

'Where would you look for one if you wanted to find one?' I asked. It was like asking someone where I could find some rare bird of an almost defunct species. 'I think I would look amongst two classes of people', he said, 'who each in their way have lost everything. First of all, you must remember that we are the only people in Europe who still have territorial claims, and that in the west we have 12,000,000 refugees from the east for whom these claims mean the recovery of all their possessions. I think that among these people you will find fanatics and extremists, for whom the forcible recovery of the east is their only article of political faith'.

I told him that indeed I had found one such person, but he had not seemed to me very representative or significant. He was the barman in my hotel, a Nazi from the German minority in Czechoslovakia; he had taken part in the Russian campaign and was prepared to repeat it; but he also said that he had not much enthusiasm for the task, and in any case presumed that he would take his part in it as a member of a European army.

'There is another class of people', my friend went on, 'who, in a sense, have lost everything, and who tend to be fanatics. Those are the people who still, in spite of everything, believe in Prussia and deplore its disappearance. But they are odd, scattered, eccentric individuals, because what they believe in is a romantic dream. They do not think of Prussia as you English do, and as many of us Germans do—as a state dedicated to militarism and to military conquest. They think of it, above all, as a *Rechtsstaat*—a state in which the rule of law is supreme; as a state in which personal liberty was united with administrative efficiency and integrity; in which military strength was restrained by calculation, caution, and conservatism; in which citizenship was conferred not by right of birth but by service to the state; above all, as a state which was ruled by the Prussian virtues of self-denial, loyalty, and personal integrity. In fact', he said, rather slyly, 'they think about Prussia very much what many Germans today think about your country. And whether such a state ever existed in Germany or not, one must admit that the kind of virtues attributed to it by those who still dedicate themselves to its memory are not despicable; but they are the kind of virtues which on the whole we believe today we can learn more truly from you, and by your help, than we ever did from the example of Prussia'.

I thought again of the novelist von Salomon who has described himself as the last Prussian, the citizen of a state which no longer exists, and which, in his meaning of the word Prussia, I do not think ever did exist. And suddenly I remembered a conversation long ago with a German friend with whom I was walking along the banks of the Wannsee, which is a lake outside Berlin. We also were talking about the difference between what Prussians thought about Prussia and what everyone else thought. And suddenly he bent down and picked up a handful of the thin, sandy soil out of which the pine woods grow, and let it trickle through his fingers. 'There you are', he said, 'there is Prussia—built upon sand'.

As I said in an earlier talk in this series, Germany is today, for all its intense industry and activity, a country peopled by ghosts. And many of us go there looking for ghosts, and sometimes we find them but do not recognise them for what they are, and take them for the living. But perhaps it does not much matter whether we mistake them or not, because nothing, not even the force of fear or hatred, can bring these particular ghosts back to life. The point about them is that they are ghosts, and they are dead.—*Home Service*

The 1954 Reith Lectures

by Sir Oliver Franks on

'Britain and the Tide of World Affairs'

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The Listener

What They Are Saying

Foreign broadcasts on the future of Germany

All communications should be addressed to the Editor of THE LISTENER, Broadcasting House, London, W.1. The articles in THE LISTENER consist mainly of the scripts (in whole or part) of broadcast talks. Original contributions are not invited, with the exception of poems and short stories up to 3,000 words, which should be accompanied by stamped and addressed envelopes. The reproductions of talks do not necessarily correspond verbatim with the broadcast scripts. Yearly subscription rate (including postage): £1 4s. sterling. Shorter periods pro rata. Subscriptions should be sent to B.B.C. Publications, 35 Marylebone High Street, London, W.1, or to usual agents

THE AGREEMENT for economic and cultural co-operation between France and Germany was welcomed by a number of French newspapers. The Radical-Socialist *L'Aurore* was quoted as saying:

Who would deny that the hour has come for a great Franco-German venture of reason and peace?

The Catholic Conservative *Le Figaro*, after observing that the agreement has so far only settled principles, was quoted as commenting:

Such an agreement, which will depend upon the dynamic with which it is carried out by the leaders on both sides of the Rhine, will undoubtedly aid the development of our countries, the increase of production, the joint search for markets, in short a widening of the activities of both countries. But it is impossible to foresee the extent of this co-operation. . .

The right-wing independent paper *Le Monde*, describing the Paris agreements as a new page in European and world history, was quoted for the view—shared by many western commentators—that their prompt ratification, far from ruling out the possibility of negotiations with the Soviet Union, would strengthen the west's hands in any fresh attempt to negotiate with Russia.

The same newspaper, commenting on the Saar agreement, considered that it should be acknowledged without reservation that the Germans had made a great sacrifice, because the Saar population, largely German in origin, had been allowed to keep an independent status in the interests of western unity. A number of west German newspapers—as well as those in east Germany—expressed resentment at the sacrifices Germany had made over the Saar, though other west German newspapers concentrated on welcoming the agreement on the restoration of German sovereignty. The independent left-wing *Frankfurter Allgemeine Zeitung* expressed the belief that, despite the sacrifices over the Saar, all nine parliaments would ratify the Paris agreements, heralding an era of mutual confidence and co-operation in western Europe.

Broadcasts from east Germany described the Paris agreements and the Soviet Note as 'two diametrically opposed ways for Germany'. The Soviet Note told 'all Germans' that 'by Christmas 1954 we can have concrete, tangible results of reunification: by Christmas 1954 all Germany can be free from occupation forces'. The Paris agreements, on the other hand, meant 'the perpetuated division of Germany, the sabotaging of understanding among Germans . . . the raising of an aggressive west German mercenary army under the command of fascist war criminals . . . to whip the German people into the most terrible fratricidal war; and foreign occupation till 1998'. This broadcast, quoting *Neues Deutschland*, concluded:

There are, then, these two ways in which our people must decide. Germany has been swept by a wave of popular indignation at Adenauer's betrayal of German unity. At the same time, the Soviet Note has held out prospects for both unity and peace.

A Moscow broadcast quoting *Pravda* commented:

It is clear to all that the London and Paris decisions increase the danger of another war in Europe. If these decisions are implemented, it will no longer be possible to consider west Germany as a peace-loving state, which will make impossible the re-establishment of Germany's unity for a long time to come.

Many Moscow broadcasts claimed that the Soviet Note calling for a four-power conference in November had 'captured world attention'.

The Swedish newspaper *Sydsvenska Dagbladet* was among a number of west European papers to express the view that the Paris agreements put the west in a favourable bargaining position *vis-à-vis* the Soviet Union. Addressing the Federal People's Assembly, President Tito, in a speech broadcast from Belgrade, welcomed the restoration of German sovereignty and the German right to partial rearmament, providing this contributed to European stability. Referring to Yugoslavia's relations with the new Western Union, Tito declared:

The further development and positive values of this pact to western Europe will demonstrate to what extent and upon what foundations our co-operation with this west European community is possible.

If it became a purely military grouping, it would not only fail to aid European stability and integration, but would intensify tension. Tito also said that he hoped for a further development in the normalisation of Yugoslavia's relations with the east European countries. He did not think that this normalisation was 'a trap', but 'a positive step'.

Influential Philosopher

TO commemorate the death of John Locke, 250 years ago, three talks are being broadcast on different aspects of his life and work, the first of which is published in this number. It is no exaggeration to say that Locke was one of the most influential philosophers in modern history—a writer whose ideas not only had a profound impact on his contemporaries, who saw him as the Whig Aristotle, but on later generations both in his own country and abroad. In recent years, particularly since the last war, a number of scholars have widened our knowledge of Locke as a man and as a writer. Important papers have become available for the perusal of scholars; a definitive edition of his works is in contemplation; and first-class biographies and studies of his thought, neither of which are at present in existence, will soon appear. Thus in a few years' time it may be possible to form a more just estimate of Locke's contributions to our civilisation than one can today. Meanwhile these three talks deserve the study of all who are interested in the history of ideas.

Like nearly all the distinguished characters who figure in the history of England in the late seventeenth century, John Locke was a man of remarkable versatility whose wisdom ranged in many directions. At Oxford he was a lecturer in Greek, a reader in rhetoric, and a censor of moral philosophy. He secured the degree of bachelor of medicine and practised as a physician or surgeon. He engaged in political intrigue, wrote pamphlets, and was mixed up in plots against Charles II's Government. After the publication of his great books he held office in the organisation which was a forerunner of our modern Board of Trade. His books covered economics, religion, education, and moral and political philosophy. In what he wrote and his famous contemporary Isaac Newton wrote can be seen the closure of one age of thought—the medieval age—and the beginning of another which came to an end perhaps with the discoveries of Einstein and Rutherford and the establishment of the Welfare State. Yet Locke's teachings are by no means dead wood. In fact they have become so completely absorbed into our thought that most of us scarcely realise how much we owe to him.

To begin with—and this would be accepted by all philosophers—Locke was 'the first important exponent of the empirical outlook'. He distrusted metaphysics, criticised the theory of innate ideas, and emphasised that all knowledge comes from experience, either one's own experience or the testimony of the experience of others. In his teaching on ethics he was one of the earliest advocates of utilitarianism. And it has been argued that his remarks about the 'doctrine of signs' even foreshadowed the approach of the logical analysts. In religion, while of Puritan upbringing, Locke observed that 'revelation must be judged by reason'; and while some call him a Christian rationalist, others claim him as the first secular philosopher. His *Letters on Toleration* were of value in the movement which began in the middle of the seventeenth century to establish wider freedom of thought. Finally his political ideas, transmuted by Montesquieu and Voltaire on the one hand, and by Thomas Jefferson on the other, deeply influenced the constitutional history of modern France and of the United States. And though it has usually been customary to say that his *Treatises on Government* were a justification of our revolution of 1688, it is likely that they were written before it and that his ideas played a part in the settlement. If we in western Europe are now still broadly liberal-minded, tolerant, and—shall one say?—practical people, it is in no small measure owing to the influence of John Locke.

Did You Hear That?

THE NEW STALINGRAD

THOMAS BARMAN, B.B.C. special correspondent in Russia, spoke in 'Radio Newsreel' about the new Stalingrad. 'A great many people', he said, 'still live in flimsy-looking shacks. The chairman of the town council told us that the shortage of housing was still a serious problem. He added that one of their difficulties was that their population was higher now than it had been in 1939. Once you move off the few main roads, which have a good, hard surface, you sink deep into the thin soil of the steppes. All round us here is a vast steppe-land, utterly flat, with a queer, rippled look about it, rather like the surface of a pond on a windy day. And there is not a single tree to be seen on the horizon, apart from a thin line of them along the edges of the River Volga, all with a speck of autumn upon them.'

'Having said all this, I must now say that the recovery of Stalingrad since the war impressed all the members of the British delegation. Some of them, perhaps, wondered why it had been found necessary to build a fine planetarium when ordinary housing was still so scarce. The principal streets have been restored, with their flats and their shops. There are fine new schools and nurseries. The Stalin Tractor Works, round which the whole of Stalingrad seems to revolve, is working at high speed again. We were told that it employs about 15,000 people, and turns out an average of sixty-five tractors a day. It has about 4,000 women on its pay roll, and it was noted with interest that they appeared to be doing the heaviest work. They are, so to speak, the pioneer corps of the factory. Their children seem happy enough. They followed us round on our sight-seeing tour, eager to tell us about their birthdays and their work at school. They took a particular interest in an umbrella hanging over the arm of one of our party.'

'We were reminded that Stalingrad is still an unfinished city, unfinished in the same sense as the cities of the Middle West were crude and unfinished in the nineteenth century. A great plan is now afoot, which will give Stalingrad a very different appearance, with new buildings, including a skyscraper, and wide streets and avenues. And there was something more than ordinary enthusiasm in the voice of the city architect when he told us of his hopes and dreams'.

TREES AND FUNGI

In the course of a talk in 'Science Survey' on a century of forestry, Professor M. L. ANDERSON said: 'It has been found that almost every tree-species we commonly grow lives in a close association with fungi present in the soil. These become attached to the finest roots of the tree to form "fungoid roots" or "mycorrhizas". There are several types of this association. Under the best soil conditions the tree-roots may be healthy enough to resist penetration by the fungus and to take up food materials unassisted, directly through their root-hairs. Under



Children in rebuilt Stalingrad: an excursion to the new Volga Embankment

less fertile conditions mycorrhizas form on the rootlets, which are penetrated some way by the fungus. An exchange of nutrients then takes place between tree and fungus and the result is a state of balance beneficial to both. Neither can thrive without the other. If the conditions are infertile, or if the tree should become weakened for some reason, it seems that the fungus penetrates farther and becomes parasitic and so harmful to the tree. On soils of low fertility, which alone are normally available for forestry, the forester must therefore see that soil conditions are satisfactory not only for the trees but also for the right kind of fungus. So the stands of trees must be handled, not only to give healthy trees that will produce valuable timber, but also to ensure healthy soil fungi and other soil organisms.

'This may mean the creation of stands and forests of a special composition and structure containing species which may produce no useful timber, but which give a leaf-fall palatable to the soil organisms. It may mean, for example, that the methods of timber extraction will have to be modified so that the structure of the soil is not radically changed. It may mean that in certain conditions the special forest environment must be permanently preserved and clearances restricted to limited areas. It may mean that silvicultural methods will have to be adopted and management methods modified so that a perpetual forest can be created. It will very likely mean that we shall have to use more native tree-species, at least until introduced species can be shown to be capable of forming and maintaining permanently satisfactory environments—if ever. That all takes much time.

'The new century of forestry is therefore opening on an interesting note. At the end of the century, merely "sticking in a tree" is not enough. It must be the right tree, it must have the right environment and the right associates in the right numbers throughout its life. These include not merely other trees, but other living things in great variety. If it can also reproduce itself unaided and its progeny is of good family, so much the better. For it is the healthy



Scene in Stalingrad after a German bombardment

forest that is likely, in the end, to be the most productive and the most efficient in fulfilling the other forest functions of protection and amenity'.

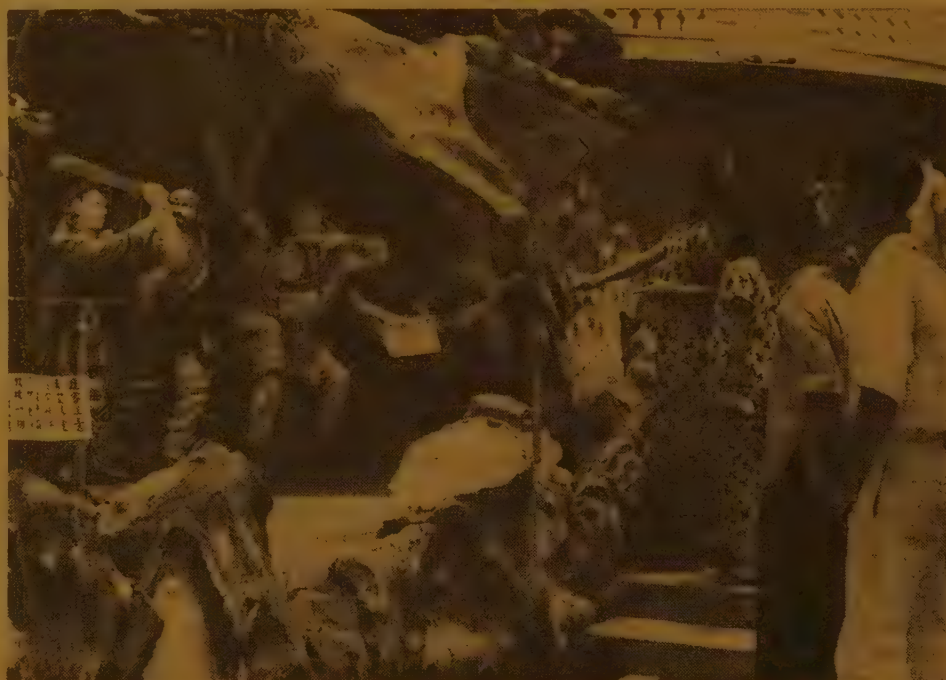
A GARDEN OF STATUES

One of the favourite sights of Singapore is a villa on which had been spent lavish sums by a Chinese millionaire who died recently. He was Mr. Aw Boon Haw, who had big business interests throughout the Far East. He surrounded his villa—named Haw Par—with an extraordinary garden: not a garden of flowers and shrubs and lawns, but a garden full of edifices, statues, and tableaux, constructed out of concrete and plaster, and even cut out of rock. IAN McDUGALL, B.B.C. correspondent in Singapore, described the garden in 'The Eye-Witness':

'Entrance is free', he said, 'and as far as I know no one makes any direct profit out of the gardens. The Haw Par villa cost Mr. Aw Boon Haw the equivalent of about £100,000 to build, and nearly as much again has been spent on repairs needed since the end of the Japanese occupation. The villa overlooks the sea, and the way into it is up an inclined concrete slope. Flanking this slope are the first of a remarkable array of figures and animals cast in plaster and concrete and often coloured with paint as well. Mickey Mouse and Donald Duck are there, and so are creatures resembling the legendary Chinese tigers and the Goddess of the Sea.'

'At the top of the slope there is a series of tableaux depicting the moral struggles to which mankind is exposed, in this case from the Chinese point of view; and there are scenes of evil men in torment, and good men riding triumphantly through their difficulties to a happier life beyond. Some of the tableaux are certainly based on Chinese

folk-lore, but upon the original legend has been grafted such an accumulation of modern effects that it is often difficult for a European and, I am sure, sometimes for an Asian as well, to sort out the established legend from some more modern flight of imagination. By modern effects I mean such things as the appearance of a nineteenth-century Mississippi tug-boat in a scene where the hero is rescued by clinging to the back of a turtle, and the wearing of real wrist-watches by people who are also lofty characters in some timeless saga of love and adventure. The villa or garden has in it a number of statues and tableaux which would not, for reasons of propriety, be exposed in a public place in Europe, and also a kind of Chamber of Horrors of tableaux. The whole of the Haw Par villa covers some seven acres of ground, and it takes at least an hour to wander round and to try to understand some of the scenes with the aid of the English translations affixed alongside the Chinese original'.



In the garden of Haw Par villa, Singapore: a tableau depicting an incident in Chinese mythology
Shell Photographic Unit

THE TRADITION OF STREET GAMES

'Have you ever heard this?' asked LEO BEHARRELL in 'The North-countryman':

I spy Cinderella,
Cinderella up a tree,
I spy bumble bee,
Bumble bee in a basin,
I spy James Mason.

If you have not, you soon will! That is only a bit of it, and it is the incantation to a new street game that schoolgirls are playing. The

girl stands with her back to the wall and bounces a tennis ball which is swinging in an old stocking. I said it is a new game—it could not be newer—because the stocking *must* be nylon. I am told nothing else will do. There she stands, like a little statue except for the one arm swinging: up—down—across—left—right—down—across, the speed increasing and the rhyme going on and on until the stocking suddenly develops a hole and the ball bounces away. Then she ties another knot in the stocking, puts the ball in again and carries on.

'A tennis ball in a nylon stocking is certainly "modern" enough, but it is only a development of the older bouncing games: "One, two, three allaire", or turning round, or clapping-hands and catching, "Pig in t'middle", and all the other ball games that we all remember from childhood.

'Any boy who is lucky enough in these days of car parks and tar macadam to find a bit of what we used to call "spare ground" where he can scoop out a "nog-hole" and play marbles, is playing exactly the same games as boys played in Rome and in ancient Egypt. The names are different, of course. They vary in districts as well as in different ages and countries. Marbles may be "poppoes", and in Lancashire they are "taws", and in London "alleys", but even these names are several hundreds of years old. And so are the games: "boss-out", "hit-and-span", "pit", and "ring-taw", and several others.

'Think of the hopscotch squares which suddenly appear one day on every pavement, and as suddenly disappear; the autumn season of "hoops" which roll into unsuspecting passers-by at street-corners—so well-established a tradition that a picture of a boy with a hoop appears on a Grecian vase made 2,500 years ago. But the best games are always those we remember playing as children and do not see now. Where have they gone? What about "grottoes", for example, and "statues" (when you had to stand still while someone tried to make you laugh before he had counted ten)? I wonder if boys still play "buck-and-stick", or "tip-cat" as it is called in some districts? And "tin-in-the-ring"; and "French cricket"—with the "gentleman's agreement" that if you break a window you pay for it yourself?

'Of course, there were girls' games and boys' games, rough games and "nice" games. Girls seldom joined in gang-fights with knotted cotton-waste, for instance; they hardly ever carried pea-shooters, but they could at times be prevailed upon to ask a shopkeeper if he had any ice-buns, and then—before running away—tell him to "slide on 'em!"

'Something else you do not see now is skipping with a long rope. A heavy rope was swung right across the street and as many as a dozen—adults as well as children—would jump in the turning loop: "All in, a bottle of gin—all out, a bottle of stout", they chanted. And there was more variety in tops than you see today: racing-tops and fighting-tops, heavy peg-tops and "window-breakers".

'The best known of all games is what we called "tig". In other places it is known as "he", "it", "tiggy", "hit", "touch", and many other names. The game is the same everywhere, though, with only slight deviations. When we wanted to be safe from whoever was "it" we crossed our fingers and said "I'm Barley", and "it" passed on to someone else. "Tig" in its simplest form is probably the oldest game in the world. When you consider that, and then think of the newest game—the nylon stocking and "a bumble bee in a basin"—you realise that tradition is not only inexhaustible but is added to in every generation'.

'The Importance of Being Earnest'

The 'lost' scene from OSCAR WILDE'S play

As we know it, in the form in which it was originally published in this country, Oscar Wilde's sparkling comedy of manners, 'The Importance of Being Earnest', was first publicly performed at the St. James's Theatre, London, on February 14, 1895. Written, in the author's words, 'by a butterfly for butterflies', it was produced by the late Sir George Alexander, for whom the play had been expressly designed. Alexander also took one of the two principal male parts, that of Jack Worthing. The other male lead, that of Jack's friend Algernon Moncrieff, was played by Mr. Allan Aynesworth, who is today, in his ninety-first year, the only surviving member of the original cast.

It is not generally known that the first draft of the play, which was dashed off by Wilde at the seaside during the summer of 1894, was considerably longer than the version which Alexander produced six months later. The original version consisted of four acts and contained a whole scene, with one fresh character, besides a good deal of additional dialogue, all of which Wilde cut out in revising the script. Alexander thought the play, as first written, was too long. Nor did he like the idea of another character who appeared only in one particular scene. So to oblige him, the author condensed Acts II and III to form a single act, and dropped the scene* with the extra character, whose name was Gribbsby.

Shortly after Wilde's death, the original text, probably a typed copy of the manuscript, found its way to Germany and was published there, in a German translation, under the title 'Ernst Sein'. At that date, in 1903, Wilde's works were still ostracised in England. This publication passed completely unnoticed here, and it was never reprinted in this form. Long afterwards, a copy of the German translation came into the hands of James Agate, the dramatic critic, who was greatly impressed by it and stated that in his opinion 'the fun in the scene that Wilde deleted is better than any living playwright can do'. Agate searched for the original English text, but could not find it.

* * * * *

MERRIMAN: (*To Ernest*) I beg your pardon, sir, there is an elderly gentleman wishes to see you. He has just come in a cab from the station. (*Hands card on salver*)

ALGY: To see me?

MERRIMAN: Yes, Sir.

ALGY: (*Reads card*) Parker and Gribbsby, Solicitors. I don't know anything about them. Who are they?

JACK: (*Takes card*) Parker and Gribbsby: I wonder who they can be. I expect, Ernest, they have come about some business for your friend Bunbury. Perhaps Bunbury wants to make his will and wishes you to be executor. (*To Merriman*) Show Messrs. Parker and Gribbsby in at once.

MERRIMAN: There is only one gentleman in the Hall, Sir.

JACK: Show either Mr. Parker or Mr. Gribbsby in.

MERRIMAN: Yes, Sir.

(*Exit*)

JACK: I hope, Ernest, that I may rely on the statement you made to me last week when I finally settled all your bills for you. I hope you have no outstanding accounts of any kind.

ALGY: I haven't any debts at all dear Jack. Thanks to your generosity I don't owe a penny, except for a few neckties, I believe.

JACK: I am sincerely glad to hear it.

MERRIMAN: Mr. Gribbsby.

(*Enter Gribbsby*)

GRIBSBY: (*To Canon Chasuble*) Mr. Ernest Worthing?

PRISM: This is Mr. Ernest Worthing.

GRIBSBY: Mr. Ernest Worthing?

ALGY: Yes.

GRIBSBY: Of B. 4 The Albany?

ALGY: Yes, that is my address.

GRIBSBY: I am very sorry, Mr. Worthing, but we have a writ of

What had happened to the manuscript is curious. It consisted of four quarto-size note-books. Somehow they got separated. In 1909, Wilde's literary executor, Robert Ross, presented a number of Wilde manuscripts to the British Museum, but only the fourth of the note-books was amongst them. The whereabouts of the other three, which included the missing scene, remained a mystery for many years. Apparently they had been borrowed by a friend of Wilde's named Arthur Clifton, who was also a business associate of Ross, and they were never returned. They came to light on the death of Clifton's widow, being discovered among her effects in an old trunk. They were sold by public auction in London in 1950, when I had an opportunity of examining them and satisfying myself as to their genuineness. Their eventual purchaser was an American collector, Mr. George Arents, and they are now in the Arents Collection in the New York City Public Library.

A final word about how the scene fits into the play. It comes in the second act, at the country house where Jack Worthing lives with his pretty young ward, Cecily Cardew, and her governess, Miss Prism. Jack pretends he has a spendthrift brother called Ernest. But, although the brother is mythical, Jack actually passes as Ernest Worthing in London, and incidentally has incurred considerable debts under this name. Meanwhile, his friend Algy, who has discovered his real name and the fact that he has a pretty ward, leaves London ostensibly to see an imaginary invalid friend whom he calls Bunbury, but really to visit Jack's country house, pretending to be the equally imaginary Ernest. While Algy is making love to Cecily in the house, Jack arrives from London dressed in deepest mourning for Ernest, whom he has decided to kill off. Algy and Cecily now appear and in the presence of Miss Prism and the local Rector, Canon Chasuble, Cecily effects on outwardly touching reconciliation between her guardian and his apparent brother, who, far from being dead, seems to be very much alive. Soon after this the butler enters and hands the so-called Ernest a visiting card on a salver.

H. MONTGOMERY HYDE

attachment for twenty days against you at the suit of the Savoy Hotel Co. Limited for £762 14s. 2d.

ALGY: What perfect nonsense! I never dine at the Savoy at my own expense. I always dine at Willis'. It is far more expensive. I don't owe a penny to the Savoy.

GRIBSBY: The writ is marked as having been served on you personally at The Albany, May the 27th. Judgement was given in default against you on the fifth of June. Since then we have written to you no less than thirteen times, without receiving any reply. In the interest of our clients we had no option but to obtain an order for committal of your person. But no doubt, Mr. Worthing, you will be able to settle the account, without any further unpleasantness. Seven-and-six should be added to the bill of costs for the expense of the cab which was hired for your convenience in case of any necessity of removal, but that I am sure is a contingency that is not likely to occur.

ALGY: Removal! What on earth do you mean by removal? I haven't the smallest intention of going away. I am staying here for a week. I am staying with my brother (*Points to Jack*)

GRIBSBY: (*To Jack*) Pleased to meet you, Sir.

ALGY: (*To Gribbsby*)-If you imagine I am going up to town the moment I arrive you are extremely mistaken.

GRIBSBY: I am merely a Solicitor myself. I do not employ personal violence of any kind. The Officer of the Court whose function it is to seize the person of the debtor is waiting in the fly outside. He has considerable experience in these matters. In the point of fact he has arrested in the course of his duties nearly all the younger sons of the aristocracy, as well as several eldest sons, besides of course a good many members of the House of Lords. His style and manner are considered extremely good. Indeed, he looks more like a betting man than a court official. That is why we always employ him. But no doubt you will prefer to pay the bill.

* The scene was performed for the first time in the B.B.C. Home Service on October 27, and is reproduced here by permission of Mr. Vyvyan Holland, the owner of the copyright

ALGY: Pay it? How on earth am I going to do that? You don't suppose I have got any money. How perfectly silly you are. No gentleman ever has any money.

GRIBSBY: My experience is that it is usually relatives who pay.

JACK: Kindly allow me to see this bill, Mr. Gribbsby. . . (*Turns over immense folio*) . . . £762 14s. 2d. since last October—I am bound to say I never saw such reckless extravagance in all my life. (*Hands it to Dr. Chasuble*)

PRISM: £762 for eating! How grossly materialistic! There can be little good in any young man who eats so much, and so often.

CHASUBLE: It certainly is a painful proof of the disgraceful luxury of the age. We are far away from Wordsworth's plain living and high thinking.

JACK: Now, Dr. Chasuble, do you consider that I am in any way called upon to pay this monstrous account for my brother?

CHASUBLE: I am bound to say that I do not think so. It would be encouraging his profligacy.

PRISM: As a man sows, so let him reap. This proposed incarceration might be most salutary. It is to be regretted that it is only for twenty days.

JACK: I am quite of your opinion.

ALGY: My dear fellow, how ridiculous you are! You know perfectly well that the bill is really yours.

JACK: Mine.

ALGY: Yes, you know it is.

CHASUBLE: Mr. Worthing, if this is a jest, it is out of place.

PRISM: It is gross effrontery. Just what I expected from him.

CECILY: And it is ingratitude. I didn't expect that.

JACK: Never mind what he says. This is the way he always goes on. You mean now to say that you are not Ernest Worthing, residing at B. 4 The Albany. I wonder, as you are at it, that you don't deny being my brother at all. Why don't you?

ALGY: Oh! I am not going to do that, my dear fellow, it would be absurd. Of course I'm your brother. And that is why you should pay this bill for me. What is the use of having a brother, if he doesn't pay one's bills for one?

JACK: Personally, if you ask me, I don't see any use in having a brother. As for paying your bill, I have not the smallest intention of doing anything of the kind. Dr. Chasuble, the worthy Rector of this parish, and Miss Prism, in whose admirable and sound judgement I place great reliance, are both of the opinion that incarceration would do you a great deal of good. And I think so, too.

GRIBSBY: (*Pulls out watch*) I am sorry to disturb this pleasant family meeting, but time presses. We have to be at Holloway not later than four o'clock; otherwise it is difficult to obtain admission. The rules are very strict.

ALGY: Holloway!

GRIBSBY: It is at Holloway that detentions of this character take place always.

ALGY: Well, I really am not going to be imprisoned in the suburbs for having dined in the west end. It is perfectly ridiculous.

GRIBSBY: The bill is for suppers, not for dinners.

ALGY: I really don't care. All I say is that I am not going to be imprisoned in the suburbs. . .

GRIBSBY: The surroundings I admit are middle class; but the gaol itself is fashionable and well-aired; and there are ample opportunities of taking exercise at certain stated hours of the day. In the case of a medical certificate, which is always easy to obtain, the hours can be extended.

ALGY: Exercise! Good God! No gentleman ever takes exercise. You don't seem to understand what a gentleman is.

GRIBSBY: I have met so many of them, Sir, that I am afraid I don't. There are the most curious varieties of them. The result of cultivation, no doubt. Will you kindly come now, Sir, if it will not be inconvenient to you.

ALGY: (*Appealingly*) Jack!

PRISM: Pray be firm, Mr. Worthing.

CHASUBLE: This is an occasion on which any weakness would be out of place. It would be a form of self-deception.

JACK: I am quite firm; and I don't know what weakness or deception of any kind is.

CECILY: Uncle Jack! I think you have a little money of mine, haven't you? Let me pay this bill. I wouldn't like your own brother to be in prison.

JACK: Oh! You can't pay it, Cecily, that is nonsense.

CECILY: Then you will, won't you? I think you would be sorry if you thought your own brother was shut up. Of course, I am quite disappointed with him.

JACK: You won't speak to him again, Cecily, will you?

CECILY: Certainly not, unless, of course, he speaks to me first, it would be very rude not to answer him.

JACK: Well, I'll take care he doesn't speak to you. I'll take care he doesn't speak to anybody in this house. The man should be cut. Mr. Gribbsby. . .

GRIBSBY: Yes, Sir.

JACK: I'll pay this bill for my brother. It is the last bill I shall ever pay for him, too. How much is it?

GRIBSBY: £762 14s. 2d. May I ask your full name, Sir?

JACK: Mr. John Worthing, J.P., The Manor House, Wootton. Does that satisfy you?

GRIBSBY: Oh! certainly, Sir, certainly. It was a mere formality. (*To Miss Prism*) Handsome place. Ah! The cab will be five-and-nine pence extra: hired for the convenience of the client.

JACK: All right.

PRISM: I must say that I think such generosity quite foolish. Especially paying the cab.

CHASUBLE: (*With a wave of the hand*) The heart has its wisdom as well as the head, Miss Prism.

JACK: Payable to Gribbsby and Parker, I suppose?

GRIBSBY: Yes, Sir. Kindly don't cross the cheque. Thank you.

JACK: You are Gribbsby, aren't you? What is Parker like?

GRIBSBY: I am both, Sir. Gribbsby when I am on unpleasant business, Parker on occasions of a less serious kind.

JACK: The next time I see you I hope you will be Parker.

GRIBSBY: I hope so, Sir. (*To Dr. Chasuble*) Good day. (*Dr. Chasuble bows coldly*) Good day. (*Miss Prism bows coldly*) Hope I will have the pleasure of meeting you again (*To Algy*).

ALGY: I sincerely hope not. What ideas you have of the sort of society a gentleman wants to mix in. No gentleman ever wants to know a Solicitor, who wants to imprison one in the suburbs.

GRIBSBY: Quite so, quite so.

ALGY: By the way, Gribbsby: you are not to go back to the station in that cab. That is my cab. It was taken for my convenience. You and the gentleman who looks like the betting-man have got to walk to the station. And a very good thing, too. Solicitors don't walk nearly enough. They bolt. But they don't walk. I don't know any Solicitor who takes sufficient exercise. As a rule they sit in stuffy offices all day long neglecting their business.

JACK: You can take the cab, Mr. Gribbsby.

GRIBSBY: Thank you, Sir.

(*Exit*)

Landslide

The professor's house is broken: a current underground
Corrects his papers with contempt; the neighbours
Hunt to their sources in the shifting earth
His dirty children and his injured books.

Part of our labours,

Part of the curriculum, one sees it with a smile,
With the sturdy aid of cliché one bows to the inevitable—
the sudden sea that drowned

The painter in his patience, the poet rejected by his lungs,
The true voice shaken silent by the quaking ground.

The hand that feeds us also bites.

Calamities unsung: for the songs are already too many.
Like any girl, cast upon deep Yoshiwara for a handful
of returning bread,

One seeks out other virtues. Not blaming the little temple
snowed under with gentle petitions,

Not dreaming in some damp paper of a distant security state—
One breeds another child, or buys some cheap editions,
uneasily resting, as the river in its bed.

D. J. ENRIGHT

Revolution at Bayreuth

By E. M. FORSTER

I FIRST heard 'The Ring' exactly fifty years ago at Dresden. I still have the old programmes and I took them with me to Bayreuth when I heard it again this summer. It and I have changed a good deal in the course of half a century and it has changed even more than I have. At Dresden we were still in the full flood of realism. The scenery imitated nature as best it could. The Rhine Maidens swam as only sopranos can. Brünnhilde had a real horse, Siegfried a practicable bear, and Fricka was drawn on to the stage by artificial goats whose sides panted in and out like concertinas to indicate the urgency of her visit. Realism minimises production and the name of the producer does not occur on these old programmes—he was of no importance—nor was the conductor. But the singers receive their due, and the voice of one of them, Frau Wittich, still resounds in my ears across two world wars. She is the most glorious Brünnhilde I have ever heard. She and Herr Burrian, a great Siegfried, are now silent, and the Opera House where they triumphed is now in the Russian zone. So farewell to Dresden, where the most expensive seat cost 8s.; and all hail to Bayreuth, where the cheapest seat costs £2.3s., and where—well, you shall hear.

My season was—most enjoyable. I took 'The Ring', 'Parsifal', and 'Lohengrin', giving 'Tannhäuser' a miss. I stayed not in the town but fifteen miles out in a tiny country hamlet. There I could walk in any direction through meadows and cornfields and up into woods. There were streams and familiar flowers. There were no poles, no wires, no aeroplanes, no advertisements, and I was often reminded of what the English countryside used to be before it was ruined. Large rural areas, such as still remain in Germany or France, can survive the impact of industrialism. A small area like England is inevitably pocked and scarred. From this homely paradise I drove in of an afternoon to Bayreuth, there to confront the problematical, there to be impressed to be sure, and even delighted, but there also to be irritated.

The famous theatre disconcerted me. It is an odd shape outside. Inside it is neither stark nor smart, and I had somehow expected starkness. What were those ornate corinthian capitals doing? What was that criss-cross pattern on the ceiling? Also I was disappointed with my seat. I bought the cheapest in the belief that every seat at Bayreuth commands a perfect view of the stage. This is not so. I was too far to the left. I never once saw Klingsor. However, all regrets vanished as soon as the music started. For the theatre is constructed entirely of wood inside, and owing to that and to its happy proportions it reverberates to sound as if it was itself a musical instrument. A lack of brilliancy has been diagnosed, but there is any amount of the sumptuousness that Wagner requires. I shall not be speaking about the music, so let me here emphasise how magnificently it sounded, how finely the orchestra played and most of the singers sang. Hans Hotter as Wotan and as Amfortas was superb. Also Martha Mödl as Kundry: I found her a

little too elegant for Brünnhilde. And Birgit Nilsson as Elsa.

The Festival is now run by the composer's grandsons, Herr Wieland and Herr Wolfgang Wagner. They are young men of talent and determination, and they have restored Bayreuth to a pre-eminence which long may it retain. They are theorists—Herr Wieland Wagner in particular. They respect their grandfather's libretto and music, and admit no variant from either. But his stage directions they neglect, and indeed seem to contradict from an inverted sense of duty. If their grandfather directs a character to sit—like Hagen before the Gibichung Hall—the grandsons make him stand. If he gives a character a hat, they take it off. If he provides for transitional scenery—scenery which can easily be done with modern appliances and is excellently done at Covent Garden—they drop an old-fashioned curtain instead. Above all, when he indicates

brightness, they install half-lights and gloom. Bayreuth hates light, hates colour, mistrusts movement, and identifies mysticism with mist. It is trying to get away from the realism of Dresden, and to evoke the wonder of the world rather than its prosaic and contradictory details. That is a worthy aim but it is not achieved by smothering all the details in murk. On the eyes alone the effect was unpleasant, and so were the tiresome spotlights which had to be used to show who was singing. So I did sometimes get irritated and sometimes worse than irritated—namely, insecure. I could not always feel certain that these innovations were sincere. I feared that they were sometimes introduced not from conviction, not even for

experimental reasons, but in order to show off and to shock. This feeling of insecurity was not continuous. It came and it went and when it came I could always shut my eyes and listen to the music, but I don't like shutting my eyes.

Let me get rid of the worst at once. The worst was assuredly the third act of 'Parsifal'—particularly the part of it which is accompanied by the Good Friday music. Wagner instructs Parsifal to wear black armour. Consequently he came in dressed in a grey boiler suit. In the centre of the stage was a round, raised area resembling a crumple, which had indeed lain there throughout the drama. Into this he stuck his spear. He then proceeded to talk with Gurnemanz, who was similarly dressed and the effect became incredibly comic: two polar explorers had succeeded in installing an aerial. Around them stretched, or were supposed to stretch, flowery meadows, such as I had seen and enjoyed in the country that very morning. How were these represented? By smears, by expanses of gooseberry fool. The whole thing was so ugly and so silly that one departed with deep misgivings to the Temple of the Grail. Here the prospect was anyhow forceful. At the close, Parsifal held up the Grail alone into a universe of gutta-percha grey. All human life had vanished but on the walls of the Temple what looked like a motor-tyre became visible as the curtain fell.

That seemed to me innovation at its most suspect, and I was not



The Festspielhaus, Bayreuth

reassured by a pompous article in my programme, or by an esoteric diagram encouraging me to look still deeper into Wagnerian truth. In particular, the dresses were so vexatious—as they were elsewhere: poor Parsifal was only one in a gallery of guys: Hunding looked like a Roman senator, Siegfried a gym instructor or a hiker, the Valkyries high-class governesses, and Wotan wore no hat. Wagner instructs him to wear one, and Siegfried when being rude to him says, in effect, 'Where did you get that hat?'—but sings it softly with his back to the audience, in the hope it will not be heard. With the exception of Loge and one or two other supernaturals, misdressing was persistent.

But enough of that. I will turn to the successes. They were many. Finest of all was the end of 'Götterdämmerung', which I will leave to the end of my talk. Fine was the opening scene of 'Rheingold'. Here the darkness quivers and flows, blurs of light in it are the Rhine Maidens high up in it, deep down in it, and Alberich joins them in it, an iridescent toad. The sun strikes the gold which is shown as a tablet. A veined surround is born, a sort of medusa, and towards it from the right drifts in more gold, a circular blur. When Alberich advanced on the tablet and wrenched it from beneath innocent hands, I knew that here was a producer who knew what he wanted to do, and could do it.

Another triumph was the forging of the sword in 'Siegfried'. Acting was permitted once in a way, and wisely, for without acting the physical excitement of that scene cannot be conveyed. It is a heroic romp. Siegfried in a patch of ruddy light, Mime in a greenish patch, did their bests, hiss went the blade, crash the anvil, topple the pot, and there stood the dubious hero armed. It does not do to think earnestly about Siegfried. Bayreuth started him off with a rush and a crash and stopped one thinking. I have never objected to him less. It is essential to one's enjoyment of 'The Ring' that Siegfried should be bearable, that his caddishness should be accepted as boyishness and his infidelity as hallucination. He is an awkward customer, but he got pulled through. And the scene on the Valkyries' rock went well enough, though it was dangerously unadorned—no tree, no helmet, no horse, only a curved horizon with an opposing curve melting into the sky.

Odd as the scenery looked, it was odder still when one was on the stage with it. One morning I had the chance of going behind the scenes—a fascinating tour, though beset with many physical perils. They showed us the orchestra first, and I climbed up wooden steps of varying heights into the conductor's seat. Down below me, confusedly disposed as it seemed, were the desks of the performers, over 120 in number, and behind me, hiding us all from the audience, stretched an incurved shell of wood. I could not see the stage until I bent a little, ever so little, forward, and then the whole of it slid into view. Descending, I saw upon the desks the scores of the opera that had last been performed—namely, 'Siegfried'. The scores were not printed but in manuscript, beautifully written. They were old, some of them perhaps dating back to the 'seventies when the opera was first performed, and each performer who had played from then had signed his name on the opening page. These names, stretching back through so many seasons, are the Bayreuth tradition for me.

If the orchestra spoke of the past, the stage into which we now clambered proclaimed the future. It was occupied by a large round object, shaped like a muffin, six feet thick (I stood against it) and about twenty-five feet across, and tilted sharply towards the auditorium. This was the Valkyries' rock. Here Brünnhilde had been laid to sleep and Siegfried had awakened her at his own risk. I advanced over this object with precaution. It creaked at each step my toes or my heels ran into my shoes, and all around me stretched a nasty drop. This muffin was permanent to 'The Ring', as the crumpet had been to 'Parsifal', but more skilfully disposed and disguised: many fine effects had been built on it. Behind it, towards the back of the stage, was the cyclorama, and at the very back a most unexpected inmate: Siegfried's dragon. This belonged to the old world of realism and of Dresden. It was exactly what a man in the street expects a dragon to be, though it had not thus appeared during the performance, when it was smothered in smoke and cloud. An expanse of corrugated iron behind the dragon

closed the prospect. A door opened in this and we were back in the open air.

The theatre was full throughout. In the intervals the audience ate in the well-managed restaurant or strolled about the gardens and avenues and even into a rustic cornfield. It was a mixed audience and varied on its feminine side from ladies in brown tweeds to ladies with blue hair. It was international. It was also unexpectedly young: a large percentage of it must have been under thirty. Near me sat an R.A.F. boy who had scarcely heard Wagner before but had come all the way from the British zone to find out what 'The Ring' was like, and was getting on with it better and better, he said. His pleasure and the general enthusiasm have set me thinking on the vexed subject of Wagner's popularity. I understand why young creative musicians should detest him. They are trying to produce something different—something clean and crackly upon a rigid substructure—and they cannot stand the thick orchestration, the woolliness, the emotionalism, the slow motion, the heavy nineteenth-century furniture and the occasional vulgarity of the Master. Others, who are not doing creative work, follow their lead. In purist circles Wagner is taboo, and when I said I was going to Bayreuth I encountered such remarks as 'I am afraid I am for Mozart', a slight pause being made between the *Mo* and the *zart* which

had the subtle effect of a reprimand. Why an outsider like myself and why other outsiders should not be both for Wagner and Mozart I do not know. We are not composers. We have no creative obligations. And I believe that the coming generation, when left to itself, does like them both, and that consequently Wagner will endure. If he does not the human race loses.

So I came away from Bayreuth full of gratitude, though I do not expect to go there again, though I was sometimes irritated, and though I regret the inevitable expensiveness that restricts it to devotees who can raise a bit of cash. Oh for Dresden! But Bayreuth is a fortress. Long may it stand, and may no one ever drop a lighted match into it. The interior being entirely of wood, it would blaze up like Valhalla, to be replaced by some scientific building where all the sounds fall dead, as they do in our Festival Hall.

The last act of 'Götterdämmerung' was the Festival's greatest achievement. By the end of 'The Ring', Wagner's hands were very full, and, great juggler though he was, he sometimes let an item drop. One of these items is the freedom of humanity through love. It was stated at the outset of the cycle by Alberich, when he renounced love, and it is reaffirmed at the close by Brünnhilde, but not as fully as might have been expected, and oddly enough there is a long passage in the libretto of Brünnhilde's final song which Wagner never set to music. Contrast her brevity with the amplitude of Isolde. His hands were too full, worlds were crashing, gods and heroes coming to grief, and perhaps the only permanent thing on earth is the Rhine.

That, I think, is the item seized by the Bayreuth producer. Both scenes of the act are dominated by the eternal river: in the first Siegfried plays with the maidens in a chasm of glacier green and sits on a shimmering rock for his final narrative: in the second, the river fills the stage from below, while high above murky flames seize the pinnacle that is Valhalla. The spectacle, the flood of music, united into a single sensation, the whole universe was divided between water and fire; and only afterwards did one remember that not one single human being was shown on the stage, and that the freedom of humanity through love had been lost in the shuffle. I do not criticise the producer for this; in a supreme effect like the end of 'Götterdämmerung' it is more important to be passionate than to be logical. He overwhelmed his audience and they cannot expect more.

It was strange after this terrific, this cosmic, close to 'The Ring', to drive out into the night and into the most dramatic thunderstorm I had ever encountered. Nature had felt herself challenged by art and summoned all her resources. They were considerable. There were several storms in the distance, lighting up the dark pine-woods that crept from the tops of the hills and differentiating their stems, and the mild Teutonic landscape became alive. It was a fascinating spectacle and suddenly it was no longer a spectacle but an action in which the car



'... At the very back a most unexpected inmate: Siegfried's dragon. This belonged to the old world of realism and of Dresden'

became an actor. For a special storm burst exactly over the car—there was forked lightning, there were torrents of rain, and then a deafening noise as hailstones as big as lumps of sugar peppered the roof. Where was the Festspielhaus now? Where its scenic effects? The car staggered to a standstill in the heart of a wood. It could not make headway against the slipperiness and the wind. It cherished the hope that not all the trees in the wood would be struck by lightning and that

those which had not been struck would hold up those which had been, and there it waited while Donner and Fafner and whatever else was about prowled and hissed. Then came the abatement—if it had not come I should not be here; nothing was as bad as it had been; less wind, smaller hailstones, fewer flashes, still less wind. The night subsided into an ordinary rough night, and the car got back safely from 'Götterdämmerung'.—*Third Programme*

A Composer and His Public

By MICHAEL TIPPETT

TO whom do I speak, when I speak to you now? I do not know; though presumably to a portion of my public. Does it help that I can communicate with you in this way? It is an act of faith, surely, to address an invisible audience. Is that faith anything to do with the much deeper faith, the faith in the ultimate virtue of the creative act, which a composer must have to write music at all in this time? What, in this matter of the Composer and his Public, has been there always; what is new?

We have been for centuries used to receiving letters through the post, sheets of lines and blobs on paper, that when taken out of the envelope tell us things, and often in such a tone that we can imagine the loved (or hated) voice speaking out of the ink. This is the primeval miracle of any communication at a distance. So living a thing indeed is a letter that when Nora's husband in 'A Doll's House' tears up the letter that should have reached his wife, we feel that something has been done much more destructive than any burning of waste paper. Because the letter is a symbol of communication and to prevent its reaching its destination is to do the two people concerned an injury.

Or, to be more up to date, we can think of Menotti's operetta, 'The Telephone', where a young man in a hurry has difficulty in proposing to his girl because she is so constantly interrupted by telephone conversations. The young man only succeeds when he has the sense to go out to the nearest call-box and put his proposal by telephone. The satire turns all upon the possibility that in modern society we value communication at a distance too much. But to be more up to date still and to consider the techniques of communication by radio, is to be forced to admit the extraordinary immediacy of the method, particularly of television. There is a dash of the fabulous about what we are doing now—communicating instantly as though the space between Broadcasting House and your home were annihilated. So that, in so far as communication is part of art, surely the new conditions of communicating will affect to some extent all the various arts? Particularly, perhaps, the art of music. Because music depends only on the immediate perception of sound, and not, as in literature, on sight, or the reading of words (as though we had been sent a very long letter).

Response to a New Means

I used to think, before radio came, that the song recital was tending to die out as a means of making music before a public: that it had had its day, and that with the decline of the recital would come the death of the song (as a musical form). But radio suits the genius of the song recital very well, and the sound in our home can be intimate and delightful. Remembering what I once thought, I am gratified now to realise that I have since written works for voice and piano, and hope to write more. We respond to the new means to hand.

Again, a young composer must have always wondered just where his public was to be found. But in our day, when there seems a kind of law that the more seriously a composer applies himself to his art, the less public he can have at all, the serious young composer may come to feel he cannot start anywhere; that his public must remain ever non-existent. Yet the truth of the matter may be that his public is just of ones and twos, those few folk really interested in new things; and here it is that through the radio, if his music can once be played, his public of ones and twos can be assembled, so to speak, without assembling. This is in fact what does happen. Most new music begins its real public life on the radio.

Nevertheless radio has not changed our musical social life so radically that we go no more to concerts, because radio cannot reproduce all the

real thing. I remember in the old Queen's Hall the young Furtwängler conducting the Beethoven Ninth, his back properly turned to the packed audience, but this same back receiving all the while those invisible waves of absorption and attention which a great public gives to great music. So that psychological conditions of performance were then magically made which are virtually impossible in a studio. These are still the dream conditions of the composer, I think. This is his public in the flesh. This is where he wants to be played and understood. This still means more to him than radio. As Joyce Cary said in his talk in this series,* this public is classless. Or if you prefer, it is the class of all the lovers of music. It is never all the human race, but only some. And despite our new methods of communication by radio and television, the big public that wants to hear music in concert halls and see opera in theatres, is still our idea of the Musical Public.

A Modern Disrelation

If, then, I as a composer want to have a living relation with this big public that goes to concerts and operas, I must consider how to get round, or mitigate the incidence of, that law, which seems to say that the more serious a modern composer is, the less able he is to speak to anything beyond a coterie. Obviously I cannot alone, by myself, remove the wide and enduring disrelation between all new art and the big public. That there is such a disrelation now cannot be denied. And I would prefer to speak of my own particular energies and faith only at the end of this talk, where it will properly belong. Here and now there are still things to be said which are general. But I shall have to state them in my kind of way.

Let us now call the composer and the public the producer and the consumer. Because the relation between producer and consumer is certainly part of the relation between artist and public; but this relation is not so immediate and therefore so obvious in the arts as in commerce. If it were so, there would be the same demand for the latest music as there is for the latest house furnishing, or for television. But, as we all know, the popular demand for television is part of the general preoccupation of our society with gadgets, and with speed, and with mechanical progress; with a gay time; and not really a popular demand for art communicated through television. The huge public for radio, or for films, or for sport, or whatever, holds the demand of the consumer to be paramount. And in so far as this public is our government and state, then the modern bureaucratic machines also hold to this 100 per cent. consumer point of view. Seen from this point of view the composer is only a servant of the big public, whose taste he must accept or starve.

Put bluntly in this way, it does sound rather excessive. Because we all know that the big public is extremely conservative, and willing to ring the changes on a few beloved works till the end of time. So that our concert life, through the taste of this public, suffers from a kind of inertia of sensibility, that seems to want no musical experience whatever that it does not already know. When this taste is indeed the national taste, the art of the nation certainly dies. But the creative artist is passionately determined that it shall not die. In fact totalitarian societies which are pathetically conformist and afraid of the new, have had to stamp him out. They are afraid; even of the struggling composer with his tiny public. And what are they afraid of? I think they are afraid of his passion, of his violence, of his unaccountability. For it is a fact of musical history (and this goes for the other arts as well) that during the last half-century, or even earlier, every major composer has at the outset found the taste of the big public and its consumer

point of view unacceptable. And in counterblast there has never been a period where so many manifestos have been issued demanding the absolute freedom of the artist to create what he likes, so many proclamations of a 100 per cent. producer point of view.

I think of Bartók, who was certainly a victim of this division. To the end of his life he had relations only with those small, select groups which side with the artists against the big public. He died in poverty. It does not matter whether his extreme works are banned in his homeland, that is in Hungary, or only seldom played over here. The issue is the same. He stands a terrifying example of the maximum disrelation between a great creative energy and the mass public.

A Fact, Not a Conspiracy

This brings us to my next point; which arises out of the fact that while patronage might have kept Bartók from under-nourishment (he received in fact a great deal of patronage during his life), no amount of patronage could bring his extreme producer point of view into relation with the extreme consumer point of view of the big public. The big public instinctively hated his creative integrity, and no doubt Bartók, for all his courage, was hurt and haunted by this hate. The last works, which seem so much less dissonant, may have sprung from a deep desire to issue from the profound dilemma of the time by moving somewhat back from his extreme point of view over towards the conservative public. Or these last works may be the result of fatigue and loneliness. In no sense can the dilemma be resolved by sneering at the difficult composer on behalf of the big public, or by despising the big public in an attempt to take up cudgels on behalf of the new composer. The dilemma is not a conspiracy but a fact.

Why does the big public hate extreme artistic integrity? How can a great composer (like Bartók) go forward at all in what looks like a voluntary cul-de-sac? Surely the matter is that the very big public masses together in a kind of dead passion of mediocrity, and that this blanket of mediocrity, whether communist or capitalist, is deeply offended by any living passion of the unusual, the rare, the rich, the exuberant, the heroic, and the aristocratic in art—the art of a poet like Yeats. While it is clear from Yeats' life and writings that in this very passion of defiance an artist can find both material for his art, and vigour for his despised activity. But he may starve.

Because, given our present disrelation between artist and public, it is obvious that patronage from one side, so to speak, from the public, and directed to satisfy the official taste, cannot for that reason be used honestly to satisfy the creative urges of the great artist. In truth it is an illusion to think it really ever has been. When Haydn lived at Esterhazy under the direct patronage of his Prince, he composed music that satisfied the energies of his creative life (that is, of himself as producer) as well as satisfying the needs of the musical entertainment for the Court (that is, of the consumers). Principally he could do this because his public was not in any sense a mass public, but a select public of cultivated people as interested in the newest music as in the newest house furnishings. There was then no dilemma.

Bach's Dilemma

But in the case of Bach, whose patrons were the Municipality and the Lutheran Church Authorities, there was dilemma. Bach was accused of being difficult and obscure, as well as of being somewhat old-fashioned. His creative gifts were not fully absorbed by the consumers who were his public and his patrons. The modern composer's dilemma is only Bach's dilemma writ large. His hope is that his works will nevertheless survive, as Bach's have survived, whether they can be absorbed by the musical consumer of his time or not. That is to say, that in the end the question of value and survival seems independent of whether the conditions of production are like Haydn's or like Bach's. What alone has immortality, if there is to be such in any period, is the work of art born from just this living passion of creation. The dead passion of mediocrity may kill the living artist and the nation's art; but it cannot project its own deadness beyond its own death.

Having, then, outlined the general conditions as I see them, where do I stand myself? I must now affirm simply that I know of no other absolute in this matter than the power of such creative energies as I possess: that I look, therefore, at public and patronage through the eyes of a dedicated person, who must do what he has to do, whether the issue is acceptable or not: that my passion is to project into our mean world music that is rich and generous: that I hope I hate mediocrity more intensely even than it hates me. But these violent

words spring from the vigour and passion of my artistic life, not from any violence in my person.

Indeed, when the creative energies are not fully used up in bringing to expression what I need most deeply to say, then I have enjoyed doing works for specific commissions—works like the orchestral suite for Prince Charles' birthday. This is relatively simple and unambiguous. I have been less sure when a patron has wanted a work of art. I doubt if this can be done at all except in the sense that the composer is given some financial assistance to his life, while he writes—such a work of art as he may. Which amounts to the consumer agreeing to consume, or to try to consume, exactly what the producer produces. If the patron (whether an individual, or a festival, or the radio) has not understood clearly the reality of this situation, the matter can easily be a cause for distress rather than relief. Patronage by the community at large of creative artists can be easy and unambiguous only in a society where all the artefacts (the gadgets, if you like), the furnishings, the clothes, the songs, the poetry, the images, are all lovely and full of power and grace and of a fine and generous tradition. Such a society cannot be found in metropolitan Europe today—nor in Moscow, nor in New York. The beautiful things are rare. And state patronage is too much the mirror of the commonplace culture of our day to be able to alter this situation except occasionally and by accident, as when Le Corbusier builds a whole new city in India.

A contemporary composer realises all this fairly clearly. Sometimes he offers his talents for commercial gain, sometimes he patronises himself by obtaining money elsewhere, sometimes he receives public financial help for the work of art he wants to compose. He must accept the last in fear and trembling. There is absolutely no guarantee that, in this present period of cultural anarchy, his patron's taste will agree with his. He must hope it will be reasonably so. But the much deeper hope is a product only of his vigour as an artist, the hope that his work of art will belong in the great tradition.

And what is the great tradition? I would prefer, like Yeats, to call it activation of the Great Memory: that immense reservoir of the human psyche where images age-old and new boil together in some demoniac cauldron; images of the past, shapes of the future; images of vigour for a decadent period, images of calm for one too violent; images of reconciliation for worlds torn by division; images of abounding, generous, exuberant beauty in an age of fear, mediocrity and horror comics.—*Home Service*

The Silent Woman

Take whatever just reward
Is yours to take and yours to keep,
Drag your bench to the full board;
Eat; drink; and after, sleep.
My house is yours, bed, milk and bread.
You have what flesh has coveted.

Do not ask me why I give
Shelter to no one else but you.
Hooded in silence, let us live
Without a thought of lodgers who
Shared the cup where now your lip
Sours the drink at which you sip.

And do not ask me what I see
When, waking from a frowning dream,
Your heavy eyes uncover me
Knotting the sheets until they seem
Horned like a dragon, in whose lair
You've woken, drowsy with despair.

For if you asked, what answer could
Square truth with fable, love with lies?
History like this can do no good
To you, who have no memories,
No raven heart which hoards away
Sour milk, soiled sheets, of yesterday.

ANTHONY THWAITE

John Locke: the Exile

MAURICE CRANSTON gives the first of three talks

LOCKE arrived in Holland in September 1683. He was then a man of fifty-one, not yet famous, nor even especially distinguished. He had been a diplomatist, but only for a few months; he was a scientist of sorts, but not a very good one; he had held government posts, but relatively humble posts; at Oxford he was a student of Christ Church and a bachelor of medicine, but the university had refused him a full doctor's degree; and he enjoyed the noble rank of landgrave only in the non-existent aristocracy of Carolina. And yet he must have looked distinguished: a tall, thin figure, always well dressed and be-wigged, and his handsome face, however inappropriately for a lawyer's son and 'the founder of the Age of Reason', was both patrician and romantic, with that large nose and high forehead, the full lips and dark, melancholy eyes.

Locke went to Holland as a refugee, and he found the country to his liking. For years he had suffered from asthma, which he thought was phthisis. In Holland he began to feel well. He said it was the climate; but as that winter was the coldest in memory, and the spring exceedingly damp, the improvement may have had another cause. Locke's asthma, like that of many sufferers, was the measure of his anxiety; and in Holland, for the first two years at any rate, he was safe.

He landed near Rotterdam, and there is a kindly description of that city in his unpublished journals; but he soon moved north to Amsterdam, and settled there. His enemies were not surprised. Shaftesbury had died in Amsterdam; Monmouth and his friends were still there. Why should Locke linger in Rotterdam where the only revolutionary society was Scots? It was not only his enemies who thought like this. Everybody knew that Shaftesbury had planned to overthrow King Charles by force of arms and place Monmouth on the throne in the name of liberty and the Protestant faith. Everyone who knew Locke knew that he had lived in Shaftesbury's London home, and that he had been Shaftesbury's political adviser. What more natural than that Locke should join the conspiracies which Shaftesbury had initiated and which Monmouth was carrying on?

In the year 1683 the portrait which Locke's biographers have given to posterity was as yet unpainted: the portrait, that is, of a man innocent of seditious thoughts; a man connected with Shaftesbury only as far as Shaftesbury's activities were constitutional; essentially an Oxford scholar, who went to Holland as a fugitive not from justice but from Stuart intolerance. This picture seems to me inherently incredible. None of the new material concerning Locke—and much has come to light in the past few years—makes it any more plausible. On the contrary, such documents serve to show how very close Locke was to Shaftesbury, and not least in the critical years of 1681 and 1682. In Holland there is a letter Shaftesbury's grandson wrote describing how his grandfather had 'entrusted Mr. Locke with his secretest negotiations'.

One place where they certainly did not think that Locke was an Oxford scholar remote from the struggle for power was Oxford itself. The librarian of Christ Church, Humphrey Prideaux (a false friend

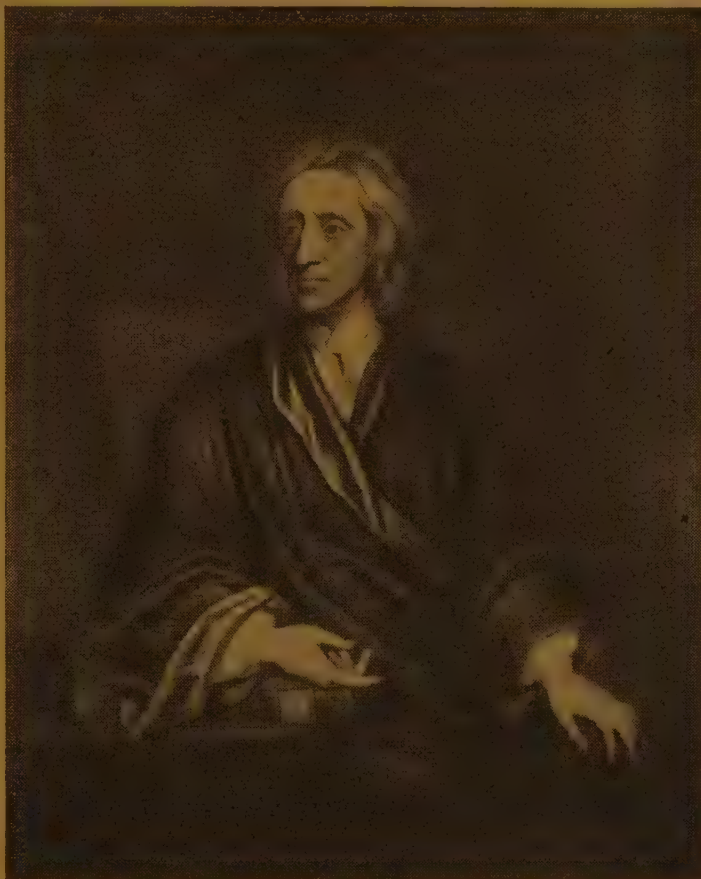
but a reliable reporter), had long observed Locke's furtive way of living, the tricks he employed to make people think he was in Christ Church when he was not, and his surreptitious traffic in papers. And Anthony Wood of Merton never amended his record that Locke, having aided Shaftesbury's designs in England, went on to serve Monmouth in Holland.

In the year before the Monmouth rising Locke was expelled from Christ Church on a charge of writing seditious pamphlets which had been smuggled into England. Locke denied the charge, but prudently remained in Amsterdam. After the Monmouth rising he was accused of contributing money to Monmouth's funds: Grey said £1,000, Wade £400. Locke denied this, also. On these two charges I believe Locke spoke the truth. However deeply he was involved in Shaftesbury's activities in England, I think he had nothing to do with Monmouth in Holland. Admittedly there is evidence among Locke's account books, now in the Bodleian Library, of money dealings with Isaac Hayes, a banking Jew in Amsterdam who was one of Monmouth's agents; but the same books also show that Locke was not well off in 1685, and he was never a giving man. Another thing worth noticing is that Locke was not the only English Whig of that surname in Holland at the time. There was also Joshua Locke and Lock 'a tobacconist of London', both mentioned in informers' affidavits to be seen at the Public Record Office.

Unsuccessful revolutionary conspirators seldom leave records of their deeds for the instruction of historians. And Locke, if he had had dealings with Monmouth, would have been the last man to do so. By nature he was excessively secretive. He preserved his anonymity as the author of political works with strangely elaborate care. He modified a shorthand system for the purpose of concealment, and he invented all sorts of little codes and cyphers; at one time he used invisible ink. But the fact of the matter, I believe, is that Locke

had enough of political plotting by the time he reached Holland, and that there he became what he had never settled down to being in England, a philosopher. In Holland he wrote the greater part of his *Essay Concerning Human Understanding*; he wrote his Latin letter concerning *Toleration*; he wrote what he later published as *Thoughts on Education*; and he clarified, as far as they were ever clarified, his ideas about religion.

Religion, indeed, played a very large part in Locke's life in exile; at least, talking about religion did. He fell in, soon after he arrived at Amsterdam, with the leading members of the Remonstrant congregation. And when there was a likelihood of Locke's being extradited, it was these Remonstrants who hid him, and helped him to assume the disguise of a Dutch physician Dr. van der Linden. Locke knew nothing about the Remonstrants before he went to Holland, but he found their beliefs attractive. They were a fairly new denomination, and, being also an intellectual one, rather small. Their founder was Arminius, and their members had included Episcopius and Grotius. They represented the liberal wing of Dutch Puritan theology. They had been outlawed by the Calvinist Synod of Dort in 1619, and their church



John Locke, the two-hundred-and-fiftieth anniversary of whose death occurred last week: a portrait by Thomas Gibson

By courtesy of the Bodleian Library, Oxford

in Amsterdam had to be built behind the façade of a merchant prince's house on the central canal, the Keyzersgracht, and although by Locke's time they had come into the open, they had not forgotten their clandestine existence. The Remonstrants believed in tolerance, in a faith based on the imitation of Christ and not on dogma; they minimised sacraments and exalted reason; and they leaned heavily on the moral imperatives. Inevitably some Remonstrants emphasised the Puritan and some the liberal side of their religion.

Limborch and Le Clerc

Locke's first friend among them was Philip van Limborch, a great-nephew of Episcopius, and head of the Remonstrant seminary. He, though he did not look it (having a distinct resemblance to our own Sir George Robey), was of the Puritan wing, and at first Locke took Limborch's part against the more liberal views of the younger Remonstrant theologian, Jean le Clerc, a Swiss who had been a chaplain in London. Locke never ceased to be fundamentally a Puritan, but the longer he stayed in Holland the more he felt the pull of Jean le Clerc's rationalistic religion, and at the end he adopted something very like it. Limborch thought Le Clerc went dangerously far in his attacks on dogmatic theology and biblical veracity. He visualised him slipping down the greasy pole from liberalism to socinianism, and from socinianism to atheism. In a way, Limborch was right. But Le Clerc went half way down, and Locke followed him; and both of them somehow held on. Locke held on with the aid of a good deal of equivocal thinking. The inconsistency of his philosophical works is notorious, but his religious writings show a different kind of logical defect: Locke could advance every argument which led to the socinian or Unitarian conclusion, and yet deny—and deny fervently—that any such conclusion could be drawn.

Le Clerc, who ran a periodical called the *Bibliothèque Universelle*, printed in 1687 an epitome in French of Locke's *Essay Concerning Human Understanding*, and was thus the first editor to publish Locke's prose. Afterwards Locke had another edition of the French epitome printed for private circulation. He added an epistle dedicatory to the eighth Lord Pembroke, hoping with this interest to persuade a London bookseller to print the *Essay Concerning Human Understanding* in full. Locke spent over eight weeks seeing his edition of the epitome through the press and in the process he seems to have conceived a marked dislike for printers and everybody else connected with publishing. However, Le Clerc persuaded Locke to become a regular writer for his periodical, though only two of his contributions were signed. But it was to Limborch that Locke addressed his celebrated *Letter Concerning Toleration*, which was published anonymously in Locke's original Latin at Gouda; and afterwards in an English translation made by William Popple, a Unitarian. The preface to the letter contains this declaration: 'Absolute liberty, just and true liberty, equal and impartial liberty is the thing we stand in need of'. These words, which are commonly attributed to Locke, which constitute perhaps the best-known quotation (so-called) from Locke's works, were in fact contributed by William Popple. Locke's letter was by no means a plea for absolute liberty. He wrote strongly against the toleration of Roman Catholics or of atheists. Some Remonstrants (if not Limborch himself), being willing to tolerate everyone, might have read Locke's letter as an injunction not to tolerate more but to tolerate less.

Of the five-and-a-half years Locke spent in Holland, only one was darkened by the danger of extradition, and the need to hide. He found time in other years to travel throughout the Netherlands and he made notes of his impressions in his journal. Near Leeuwarden he visited a communistic Christian settlement of Ladadists, and wrote rather scornfully about them; he did not mind their sectarianism, but he did disapprove of their abolishing property, and was not at all surprised that they had lost their liberty as well. He visited several universities, and was pleased to find the medical studies more empirical than academic; and he made new friends in most of the university towns. Unfortunately, Locke was not a good diarist or travel writer. He had no eye for art or natural beauty, and no sense of history. But then, why should we expect him to have either? Locke wanted to get away from the imagination and down to the factual, the measurable, the publicly observable; he was not interested in the past and all its ignorance, but in the future which belonged to science and enlightenment and reform.

His last two years in Holland were perhaps his happiest even though he was often ill. These years he spent in Rotterdam with an English Quaker merchant named Benjamin Furly. Unlike the Remonstrants

of Amsterdam, Furly lived well. He liked wine and his pipe and good food, and he had a passion for freedom which matched the generosity of his nature; and much of his energies went in defending the rights of religious minorities against the tyranny of the established Calvinist Church. His best friend was that great and paradoxical figure William Penn, and when Penn came to visit Holland Locke renewed an old acquaintance with him.

Penn showed Locke the constitution he had drawn up for his colony in America, and Locke, who had some knowledge of such matters because of his experiences with the Lords Proprietors of Carolina, criticised it, and criticised it sharply. Penn's projected constitution had already been opposed by the Pennsylvanian settlers as undemocratic, but such was not Locke's point of disagreement; he was no more in favour of democracy than Penn was. What he objected to were elements of what is nowadays called the welfare state. Among other things he protested against Penn's plan for the government to be responsible for education: Locke called this 'the surest check upon liberty of conscience, suppressing all displeasing opinions in the bud'.

Penn, who had been expelled from Christ Church more than twenty years before Locke, was certainly no less liberal. But he was not a Whig. Having suffered, like other Quakers, often under Anglicans and Calvinists but never under Catholics, he was indeed on the best possible terms with James II. He supported James' policy of a general indulgence to dissenters. Locke, on the other hand, regarded it as stratagem designed to foist a Popish rule on England. Locke was a Protestant before he was a liberal. And, of course, it was Locke's ideas and not Penn's which prevailed in 1688. Prince William was invited to England and received as the enemy of Popery and not as the protector of religious dissent. The slogan was 'Freedom', but Benjamin Furly learned the value of this when he went to The Hague and asked how the Prince could offer freedom to England when there was so little liberty for anti-Calvinist dissenters in Holland.

How much Locke had personally to do with what was planned at The Hague it is difficult to say. There is evidence in his servant's records of journeys to that city, but they were brief visits, and there was no one in the Orange party to whom Locke would stand, as he had stood to Shaftesbury, as an *éminence grise*. He made the acquaintance of William, and he knew Lord Mordaunt well, but Mordaunt was nothing like another Shaftesbury. Indeed, Locke seems to have been on closer terms with Lady Mordaunt; there are several surviving letters from her to him which, if illiterate, are distinctly flirtatious.

Return to England

Most of the British Whigs in Holland set sail with William's invading army. Locke did not. In that cold November weather, he wrote to one friend saying he 'could think of nothing but the chimney corner'. But when the news came from England of William's swift and almost bloodless conquest, when safe transports were arranged for the Princess Mary and the other ladies to cross the sea to England, and when Lady Mordaunt asked Locke to escort her in one such ship, he decided to go home after all. Jean le Clerc, observing this, wrote afterwards in an all-too-famous phrase that Locke was '*plutôt timide que courageux*'. Jean le Clerc should have read more carefully the third Lord Shaftesbury's letter which mentioned the 'dangers' Locke had been through in the past. It was no disgrace for an invalidish man of fifty-six who had been brave enough in paving the way for the Protestant revolution to leave its fulfilment to others and come home, as Locke did, in safety. He boarded the ship *Isabella* at Briele on Sunday, February 18, 1689. He had doubted whether Sabbatarian principles would permit the Princess Mary to begin a voyage that day, but the anchor was weighed at three in the afternoon, and it was not long before the low Dutch coast was hidden in the winter mists.

Before he left, Locke wrote a farewell letter to Philip van Limborch. He thanked him for his friendship, and told him he had found 'another homeland in Holland' and even indeed 'another family'. Locke hoped one day to visit them again. He never did. He lived another fifteen years; but he had seen his last of Holland.—*Third Programme*

Radio Times Annual (price 2s.), which is produced in photogravure and profusely illustrated, has now been published. *The Quarterly of Film, Radio, and Television*, University of California Press, Volume IX, Number 1, contains an article by John Grierson on 'The B.B.C. and All That', and an article by Robert B. Cantrick, assistant professor of music at the Carnegie Institute of Technology, Pittsburgh, entitled 'Music, Television, and Aesthetics'. The *Quarterly* can be obtained from the Cambridge University Press, price 9s. 6d.

New Discoveries about the Gulf Stream

By HENRY CHARNOCK

THERE are permanent currents in all the oceans but, perhaps because of the large amount of shipping crossing it, the circulation of the North Atlantic is best known. Circulation is the right word to use because the current system can be looked on as a large circular eddy carrying water in a clockwise sense round the ocean. In the southern part of the North Atlantic the current flows from east to west. In the west the Gulf Stream starts as a narrow, intense north-easterly current, slowly broadening but getting weaker until it becomes the slow eastward motion known as the North Atlantic Drift. Then some of the water flows north, to lose its identity in the Barents Sea, but most of it trends gently southward in the east to complete the circle. In the middle, the still centre, is the Sargasso Sea.

The narrow, intense part of the Gulf Stream flows from west of Cuba eastward through the Florida Straits. It is about 100 miles wide and about a mile deep, and it flows at about three knots. This adds up to some thousands of millions of cubic feet every second, but I am told that all the figures in the world do not give as vivid an impression as does being at anchor in the Stream, out of sight of land, with the water continually rushing past like a strong tidal stream at the flood.

Three knots is a velocity to reckon with, even for liners like the 'Queens': in the days of sail it could be catastrophic. Ponce de Léon, one of the first to describe the Florida current, as this part of the Gulf Stream is called, makes an understatement when he records 'We had great wind but could not go forward but only backward'. That was in 1513, and there was an interval of only two years before the first theory of the Gulf Stream was put forward by Peter Martyr. His was a good theory by any standard, and far superior to many that followed it. Knowing of the east to west flow of the North Equatorial Current, he posed the simple question 'What happens to the water?' It could not just pile up on the Brazil coast or somebody would have noticed; it could not go through into the Pacific because there was no channel; so it must be deflected northwards by the mainland to form the Gulf Stream.

As years went by, observations became better and better, and for a long time theories seemed to get more and more far-fetched. It was soon noticed that the current was warmer than

the surrounding water—Sebastian Cabot is said to have reported that it turned bad the beer he was carrying in his hold—and soon a thermometer became a standard part of a ship's navigational equipment. It



Chart published in 1770 by order of Benjamin Franklin, then Deputy Postmaster-General for the North American Colonies, with instructions for avoiding the Gulf Stream in sailing from Europe to North America. Complaints had been received from the Board of Customs at Boston of delays in the passage of the Falmouth-New York packets, whose captains, disbelieving the existence of the Stream, were sailing in it and against it. American seamen (who were well acquainted with it) had frequently advised the packets to avoid the Stream, but the British had been 'too wise to be counselled by simple American fisherman'.

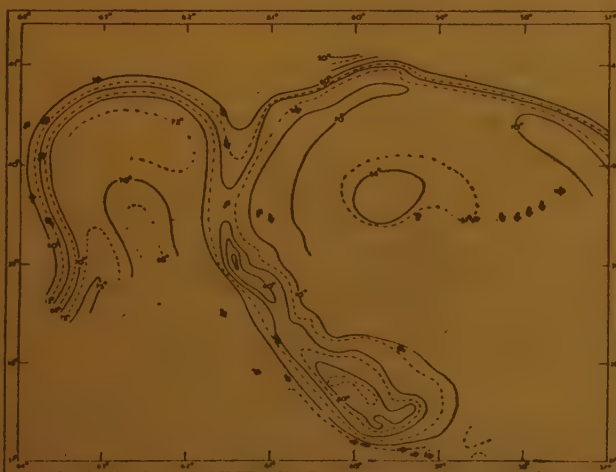


Chart (after Fuglister and Worthington) showing detailed structure of the Gulf Stream (indicated by lines of equal temperature) on June 17, 1950. A big meander has closed up and a large mass of cold northern water is being cut off into the warmer water to the south. Arrows show the direction of the current.

also became clear that there were reversed, or counter-currents, on the shoreward side of the stream, so that to get the benefit of the current one had to keep well out to sea.

Modern survey work started in the early eighteenth century, probably connected with the invention of the chronometer, which became generally available about 1785; but the most thorough investigation was that of Lieut. (later Rear-Admiral) Pillsbury, U.S.N., which was started in 1885. There was, as always, a scientific controversy going on at the time. One school asserted that the North Atlantic circulation was caused by density differences due to stronger heating by the sun at the equator than at the poles, and the other was convinced that the currents were driven by the winds. Pillsbury was a patient fellow and he slowly but surely made one of the most complete oceanographic surveys ever recorded. It took him some years before he came down firmly on the side of the wind-driven theory, and subsequent events have proved that he was right.

The really important omission from these early theories was the effect of the rotation of the earth. If the earth

(continued on page 765)

NEWS DIARY

October 27–November 2

Wednesday, October 27

The report of the Court of Inquiry into the docks dispute is published

The Trades Union Congress suspends the Stevedores' Union from membership for 'poaching' members from another union

Minister of Defence is questioned in the Commons about the future cost of keeping British forces in Europe

Thursday, October 28

Prime Minister makes statement in Commons about responsibility for the use of the atom and hydrogen bomb

Dr. Adenauer holds discussions with President Eisenhower in Washington

Free Democrats, the second largest party in Dr. Adenauer's Coalition, announce opposition to Saar agreement

Lord Mountbatten appointed First Sea Lord

Friday, October 29

Leaders of London dock strike decide to recommend resumption of work on November 1

Heavy rain causes further floods and landslides in Scotland

Saturday, October 30

Hassan el-Hodeiby, the Supreme Leader of the Muslim Brotherhood, is arrested in Egypt

First cargo of oil to leave Persia in British ship for three years is taken by a tanker from Abadan

Queen Elizabeth the Queen Mother visits the United Nations headquarters in New York

Sunday, October 31

A Vickers Viscount turbo-prop air liner crashes during training flight in Australia

Major Salem accuses Muslim Brotherhood of being concerned in plot to assassinate the Egyptian Prime Minister

North Korean National Assembly calls for meeting with South Koreans to discuss reunion of the country

Monday, November 1

Dockers who have been on strike return to work. Arrangements are made for discussions on overtime. 2,500 men come out on new unofficial strike

Outbreak of terrorist violence occurs in Algeria. Reinforcements sent from France

French settlements taken over by Indian Government

Tuesday, November 2

Americans vote in mid-term Congressional elections

New unofficial strike affects 45 ships in London docks, but men later decide to resume work

Building licensing to be abolished



Above: Queen Elizabeth the Queen Mother photographed during a visit to the headquarters of the United Nations in New York on October 30. Her Majesty is seen talking to Dr. van Kleffens, President of the General Assembly. On her left is Mr. Hammarskjöld, the Secretary-General

Left: the Queen Mother with Dr. Adenauer, the German Chancellor, at the Convocation marking the bicentenary of Columbia University on October 31 at which they received honorary degrees of Doctor of Laws



Part of the big crowd that thronged the harbour of Trieste on October 26 when Italian troops arrived to take over the administration of Zone A of the Free Territory. A formal ceremony for the handing over of the Zone, which was to have taken place on the sea front, had to be cancelled when the crowds broke into the cordoned-off area



The Queen and the Queen Mother with a two-day visit to the United Nations in New York



Over 300 people gathered by disastrous flood last week. This picture shows the highway in the foreground

Right: The commonwealth of the House of Commons Pursuivant of Arms will include the sign green morocco in colours) and tooled



Edinburgh followed their tour of Lancashire and West Riding of Yorkshire last week. They are shown in the Town Hall on October 27; Her Majesty is accompanied by the Mayor



Smoke pouring from the headquarters of the Muslim Brotherhood in Cairo which was burnt down by the mob on October 27 after many members of the organisation had been arrested in connection with the attempted assassination of Colonel Nasser in Alexandria last week



Salerno and Amalfi in southern Italy. The photograph shows a caved-in bridge on the national highway with workers trying to clear away debris



Mr. Huan Hsiang, the new Chinese Chargé d'Affaires, with his wife and son, on arrival at London Airport on October 27. Mr. Hsiang is the first diplomat to represent the Chinese People's Republic in this country



Ayrshire cow 'Blockfield Navybell', owned by Mrs. M. K. Anderson, which won the supreme championship at the Dairy Show at Olympia, London, last week



A book which is to be presented to Sir Winston Churchill on his birthday on November 30 by the members of the House of Commons. The book is bound in chocolate and pink (Sir Winston's racing colors) and features the quarterly arms of Spencer-Churchill. The book is bound by the Garter



A scene from Offenbach's 'The Tales of Hoffmann' which is being presented at Covent Garden. Spalanzani, the inventor (Mr. Geraint Evans), is seen presenting the mechanical doll, Olympia (Miss Mattiwilda Dobbs)

British steel makes the world's news

"Avanti", "Figaro", "Der Kurier", the "Herald Tribune"—every day the world's news is put into print. And in almost every civilised country British printing presses are there to do it.

British printing machinery even goes to America, the home of giant-size newspapers.

This machinery is steel. Wherever you go the prefix 'British' means steel of the highest quality. New and better steels are constantly being developed, and wherever there is steel there is British steel.

*British steel
leads the world*



THE BRITISH
IRON AND STEEL FEDERATION

(continued from page 761)

did not rotate, both winds and current would flow from high to low pressure areas, but on our rotating planet the winds blow roughly along the lines of equal pressure instead of across them. In the ocean it is the same: currents flow along the isobars and since currents are difficult to measure, especially in deep water where a ship cannot anchor, oceanographers deduce the currents from the trend of the constant-pressure surfaces. They work them out from measurements of the distribution of temperature and salinity in the vertical. As far as the Gulf Stream is concerned it became clear that the effect of the rotation of the earth was balanced by the pressure difference due to the warmer, lighter water in the Sargasso Sea. The differences in temperature across the Stream do not drive it, they are part of the balance of forces brought about by the drag of the wind on the sea.

So oceanographers got to the stage that both they and meteorologists find themselves in today: they know the equations that control atmospheric and oceanic flow but they cannot solve them because the equations and the atmosphere and the ocean are all too complicated.

Munk's Theory

The most recent theory of the Gulf Stream is that of an American oceanographer called Munk. He uses simplified equations and a much simplified model of the North Atlantic, but simplified though it is, his theory is a far cry from Peter Martyr's original speculations. Instead of asking 'What happens to the water?' Munk asks the much more sophisticated question 'What happens to the spin of a vertical column of water?' He manages to express this as a balance between three things: the drag of the wind on the sea, the sideways mixing of the water due to turbulence, and the change in the force due to the rotation of the earth as the latitude varies. Munk's theory predicts the existence of the average or climatological Gulf Stream in a lifelike fashion. It shows that all the major currents in the oceans are caused by the winds and that there would still be a Gulf Stream even if the Florida Straits were dammed up. It does not deal with temperature, nor does it make any prediction about the complicated structure of the Gulf Stream at any one time.

The detailed mapping of the fine structure of the Gulf Stream is a good example of modern trends in observational research in meteorology and oceanography. Especially since the war, meteorologists have been forced, mainly by the needs of ever higher and ever faster aircraft, to maintain a vast network of stations, all observing the weather at the same times each day. Their observations are collected and all plotted on one chart to give a bird's-eye view of the weather over a large area. This technique of simultaneous observation at many stations cannot be used by oceanographers, there is so much sea and so few ships; so, as meteorological observation has become more extensive, observation in oceanography has become more intensive. The older type of oceanographic expedition, which would use a ship for some years and involved many thousands of miles of steaming, has given way to specialised short cruises designed to answer specific fundamental questions.

Such an effort has recently been completed by American oceanographers, who organised a multiple-ship survey of the Gulf Stream. Under the appropriate name of Operation Cabot, seven ships collaborated to make the same sort of observations at only short distances apart in the Stream. They were able to discover new and important details about the structure of the Gulf Stream. They found that whereas the climatological Gulf Stream—the one that appears on charts or is predicted from Munk's theory—is some hundreds of miles across, the width of the real Gulf Stream on a particular occasion is often much less, perhaps only tens of miles. This remarkable concentration of the velocity into what can be called a jet is sometimes associated with a system of several parallel currents farther to the east. Recent meteorological observations have shown that there is often a jet of strong winds high in the atmosphere—the Jet Stream—and although the Jet Stream is on a vastly different scale and formed in a different way from the Gulf Stream, yet it too has been found to be narrow and sometimes streaky, that is, made up of a number of sub-jets. Both Gulf Stream and Jet Stream seem to be able to flow for long distances without losing their identity by mixing with their surroundings, and their general similarity seems to suggest that the shape of these current and wind systems does not so much depend on the driving forces as on the rotating earth over which they flow.

Both the atmospheric Jet Stream and the oceanographic Gulf Stream have been compared with rivers, since both have big loops or meanders.

The multiple-ship survey of the Gulf Stream was lucky enough to observe one large meander which looped back on itself so much that a cold pool was formed which became completely separated from the stream proper. Again, this often happens in the atmospheric Jet Stream so it seems that the ocean has its weather systems too, although they are on a different scale from those in the atmosphere.

This rather surprising similarity of pattern in the atmosphere and ocean has encouraged some workers to hope for a general theory for flow on a rotating earth or, as the usual strangled scientific style has it, for a comprehensive theory of fluid motion in planetary envelopes. Such a theory would pave the way to a so-called dynamic climatology: that is, a theoretical deduction of many of the facts and relations shown by the observed results of our present climatology. But it seems so distant a prospect that one can hardly imagine knowing precisely how, and to what extent, the Gulf Stream is associated with the climate of north-west Europe.

For many years it has been understood in a general sort of way that the Gulf Stream keeps north-west Europe warm. Indeed, when the Panama Canal was constructed many people worried lest the north equatorial current should flow through into the Pacific, the Gulf Stream disappear, and the climate of Europe become as wintry as that of other lands at the same latitude on the eastern sides of continents. They were wrong in their forecast of what would happen—as Peter Martyr could have told them—but they were right to appreciate the close relation between climate and ocean currents. It is well known that even small changes in the temperature and flow of the Gulf Stream are associated with marked effects on the climate, and hence on the whole economy, of north-west Europe, but we are a long way from any relation precise enough to be used for forecasting.

This summer has been cold and wet, even by British standards, but there have been such summers before. Here, at the down-wind end of the North Atlantic—a weather shore if ever there was one—the weather of this summer does not seem so unlikely that atomic explosions, flying saucers, or condensation trails from jet aircraft need be invoked in explanation. That the bad weather is associated with a change in temperature or flow of the Gulf Stream is much more likely; indeed, it would be surprising if it were not. It would be a mistake, though, to think that the Gulf Stream controlled the weather. One may ask 'Does the Gulf Stream affect the weather, or the weather affect the Gulf Stream?' Of course, they affect each other. This is the sort of question that makes one realise what a difficult subject climatology is. All the factors of climate are interlocked and linked together in such a way that none is dominant.

Changing the Pattern of Weather

Tides apart, all the motion in atmosphere and ocean alike is due to the radiation from the sun, which provides the energy. The atmosphere is transparent to most of the sun's energy, so the bulk of it is absorbed in the top few feet of the ocean, ignoring the land which, after all, covers only about a fifth of the earth's surface. The transfer of heat energy from the sea into the air above it is mainly due to small-scale eddies in the wind near the surface, but once it is in the air the energy creates density differences which combine with the force due to the rotation of the earth to form much larger flow patterns varying in size from the cumulus clouds associated with showers to the vast wind systems we recognise as depressions and anticyclones. These wind systems react both with each other and with the ocean. They modify the heat-transfer from sea to air, and, as we have seen, they produce ocean currents. The ocean currents, of which the Gulf Stream is only one example, carry vast amounts of heat with them and so they determine where the sun's energy is fed back into the atmosphere. By changing the pattern of weather and cloudiness they modify the radiation into the system. In this way the process is modified countless times until all the motions of the atmosphere and ocean, on every scale, are mutually adjusted so as to transport the sun's energy from the tropics to re-radiate it nearer the poles.

We can hardly hope to make long-term forecasts by taking a thermometer into the Atlantic. What we must do is slowly, and we hope steadily, investigate the mechanism of energy transfer between the ocean and atmosphere: it will be a long and a difficult but a fascinating and rewarding task.—*Third Programme*

The latest addition to the Oxford Trollope (Crown Edition) is *The Duke's Children* (Cumberlege 25s.). There is a preface by Chauncey B. Tinker, and the illustrations are by Charles Mozley.

Art

Bavarian Rococo and Other Exhibitions

By DAVID SYLVESTER

THE important loan exhibition at the Victoria and Albert Museum of Rococo Art from Bavaria is a lesson in what a great style is and can do. It can transpose a wide range of human experience into its own terms with such confidence and conviction that its artificiality, however extravagant, transcends all conflict with our notions of reality by making us discard them so long as an example of the style confronts us. And the success of this transposition is inherent in the style itself, hardly depends on the degree of talent or genius of its individual exponents. This is why Rococo is a great style where Mannerism is not—is hardly a style at all. (And the comparison between them is one that has to be drawn: it is not only that both were aristocratic, courtly styles; it is also that specific Mannerist antecedents frequently come to mind in front of the sculptures and sculptors' drawings in this exhibition—above all, Günther's statue of the 'Mourning Virgin'.) The success of a Mannerist work depends on original inspiration. That of a Rococo work on mastery of the language, so that a bad Mannerist work is usually rather fatuous or grotesque, a bad Rococo work merely dull.

From this it does not follow that Rococo was not a fluid or evolving language, but only that the language itself seems to contain its own impetus towards expansion and extension. The Rococo tradition was, as it were, self-propelling, transcending the contributions to it of individual talents. It is, in effect, an anonymous tradition.

The Rococo artist has the hedonist's ruthlessness in using things and ideas for his pleasure. The allegorical subjects of Asam's beautiful carved doors (reproduced on the cover this week) seem no more than pretexts for decorative design and technical virtuosity: the group of an angel trampling Death underfoot has provided the sculptor with an opportunity to contrast the suave surfaces of the drapery with the nervous pattern of the strips which go to make the skeleton.

Rococo nonetheless does not exclude expression of the tragic and sublime. What, after all, are Mozart's operas if not Rococo, here the counterpart of Würzburg, there of Goya's tapestries? And Günther's sculptures are Mozartian in that their elegance acts as a veil to blur the impact of a tragic insight and thereby makes it all the more evocative. For one thing, much of Günther's elegance resides in his colour, and this seems to be used to soften abrupt, even violent, transitions from one plane to another, rather as in Mozart sheer beauty of sound diffuses the shock of harmonic dissonances. For another thing, the refinement and grace of Günther's figures are not to be equated with frivolity or even with good manners. The fact that the Virgin in his last 'Pietà' looks frightfully well-bred does nothing to lessen the pathos of the image. Nor does the courtly elegance of the 'Kneeling Angel' or the

pastoral charm of the 'Raphael' suppress their intimations of a serenity and purity beyond the human plane.

Together with sculpture, much of it on a large scale, paintings, drawings, ceramics, metalwork, tapestries and furniture combine to delight us with their sophisticated exuberance, their urbane spirituality. It is very regrettable that the catalogue should have ignored the needs of a public unversed in the background of the exhibition. Since its own bibliography can offer not a single entry in the English language, there was surely a call for a comprehensive introduction to the subject as a whole.

If the elegance of Rococo was born of a high sophistication, the photographs and copies of cave-paintings at the Arts Council Gallery reveal how far is elegance from being the prerogative of the sophisticated. The grace, the power and the life of these works is much more evident in the photographs than in the famous copies by the Abbé Breuil, for, sad to say, this great archaeologist and noble spirit draws with the slick and heavy hand of a modernistic poster-artist.

In the exhibition of collages at the I.C.A., the aesthetic of the exhibits is ingeniously echoed in the manner in which they are displayed. This is a practice which was, of course, followed in the great Surrealist exhibitions of the 'thirties, and represents an honourable desire not to make the image a displaced object in an art gallery, but to integrate it into an eloquent ensemble (as in Rococo *par excellence*). But it is a practice which makes sense only so long as a movement or style is at its height: it is simply sentimental, a form of pious



Sketch for the Nenningen 'Pietà' by Franz Ignaz Günther, from the exhibition at the Victoria and Albert Museum

parody, when the exhibits are expressions of an aesthetic which is no longer vital. True, the organiser of this exhibition seems to believe that collage still is a vital force, for a large proportion of the exhibits are contemporary. Their main purpose, so far as I can see, is to prove him in the wrong. The exhibition is well worth a visit to see the many beautiful or intriguing things made when it had just been discovered by Max Ernst that 'what previously had been merely a commonplace page of advertising became a drama revealing our most secret desires', or by Apollinaire that 'it is legitimate to use numbers and printed letters as pictorial elements: new in art, they are already soaked in humanity'.

The Arcade Gallery has the first exhibition in England of the Belgian painter Edgard Tytgat, a very charming, authentic and accomplished minor artist. He is chiefly known in reproduction as a painter of rather naughty, rather romantic genre pictures, somewhat naive in drawing, highly educated in design, which hover on the brink of archness, but the exhibition also includes some 'straight' seascapes and a landscape whose lyricism leans on nothing more than their subtle and vibrant colour and brushwork.

Letters to the Editor

The Editor welcomes letters on broadcasting subjects or topics arising out of articles or talks printed in THE LISTENER but reserves the right to shorten letters for reasons of space

Talking with Germans

Sir,—In his broadcast talk reprinted in THE LISTENER of October 14 Mr. Goronwy Rees refers to the 'Germany west of the Elbe, which forms the Federal Republic' and to 'the Germany east of the Elbe, which forms the German Democratic Republic'. I do wish people who speak about Germany today would consult a map before doing so. For if Mr. Rees had done this he would have seen that the Elbe is not the east-west frontier but the bisector of the Russian zone. About half of this zone lies west of the Elbe, and includes the whole of Thuringia as well as Saxony.

One of the great errors committed in the zoning of Germany was the allocation to the Russians of central Germany, which was ceded to them by the Americans who conquered it. A glance at a map of post-war Germany shows that the Russian zone, far from stopping at the Elbe, comes to within 100 miles of Frankfurt, which means that the Russians could easily separate the northern from the southern parts of the western zone if they wished. To have consented to this demarcation was a political and strategic error of the first magnitude.

Yours, etc.,

Glasgow, W.4

GERAINT V. JONES

Sir,—Mr. Biermann's strictures (THE LISTENER, October 21) arising from Mr. Goronwy Rees' broadcast, 'Talking with Germans', appear odd to one like myself who during a lecture tour in western Germany last summer experienced much which mirrors Mr. Rees' impressions.

I was repeatedly asked about the Queen and other members of our Royal Family by people from all walks in life, in discussions with adult education groups and over the table whilst a guest in German homes. 'Have you seen the Queen? Has she visited your home town?' was perhaps the most frequent opening gambit. In every case the questioners couched their comments in respectful and enthusiastic tones and this, added to the appearance of pictures of the Coronation, from illustrated papers, in houses and offices suggest what Mr. Rees succinctly calls a 'Cult of the Royal Family'.

One child in a junior school expressed the opinion that Queen Elizabeth was also 'our Queen' but there was, I think, some confusion here about a school lesson on the Hanoverian dynasty.

When I referred what I was bound to accept as an appreciative interest in our Royal Family to a German educationist, he assured me that this interest was both widespread and genuine, and that it was the 'natural response' of an old nation whose citizens looked with admiration on an example of dignified and constitutional leadership, after an unfortunate period in its history. He stressed, too, the envy which his countrymen had for the factor of continuity in the highest office of state.—Yours, etc.,

Swansea

G. ILLTYD LEWIS

Sir,—Mr. Palmer's letter (THE LISTENER, October 28, 1954) is fantastic. I am answering it to nip in the bud what may become a sprawling weed, to stop from spreading what may become a myth. (As, at the same time, I am arguing against Mr. Goronwy Rees, THE LISTENER, October 14, I should like to say how greatly I admire his talks in general.)

I, too, have lived in Germany before the 1914 war, and after. Much, to put it mildly, has changed in that country since 1904, fifty solid years ago. One thing, however, hasn't: the meaning of 'Unsere Koenigin'. 'Unser' was then, as it still is, a plain colloquialism. Just as it is a plain fact that you never really know a people if you do not really know its language. This, alas, is all too often the cause of overrating as well as of underrating the German people. As regards the particular point in question, a particular quotation comes to my mind (Macbeth, V, 4): 'How does your patient, doctor?' In colloquial German, as translated from the English, this would be 'Wie geht es unserem Patienten' (how does our patient)? Just as a friendly woman in the street would say, even in English, looking at a baby in a pram, 'And how is our darling, today?' That is all there is to that. 'Unser Shakespeare', a term used merely in self-irony of a proud devotion, is therefore something quite different.

Lastly, the phrase 'the yellow peril' was coined by the Kaiser during the Boxer rebellion, and before 1914 referred exclusively to the Chinese. During the first world war it was also used for the Japanese, but never at any time for the Russians. So much for the linguistic and historical facts.—Yours, etc.,

London, N.W.3

EVA EHRENBURG

German Trade Unions and Democracy

Sir,—Mr. Prittie in his talk on German trade unions and democracy (THE LISTENER, October 21) twice makes the statement that the Adenauer Government provides pensions for 'ex-nazi' civil servants at eleven and fifteen times higher rates than those granted to widows. The context of both statements leads the listener to infer that the conduct of the government in this matter is reprehensible.

The British Government also awards pensions to its servants which may often be many times higher than widows' pensions. We do not think this reprehensible because the pensions are awarded under quite different contracts. I think the same applies in Germany. We are left therefore to infer that the Adenauer Government is to be treated as tainted with pro-nazi sympathies merely because the pensioners are ex-nazis.

Would the West German Government be more democratic if it deprived civil servants of their contractual right to a pension because of their past political mistakes, misdemeanours, or even crimes?—Yours, etc.,

Bramcote

T. S. BENSON

The Dangers of Radio-active Dust

Sir,—Professor Nishiwaki stated in his 'The Dangers of Radio-Active Dust' (THE LISTENER, October 28), that in regard to children born in the past nine years in Hiroshima and Nagasaki 'illness, death, and abnormal children due to radiation injury' are reported.

Now the only investigation into the genetic damage caused by the atom bombs in Japan has been carried out since 1947 by the Atomic Bomb Casualties Commission, sponsored by the U.S. National Research Council and the National Institute of Health of Japan. Some 80,000 babies born in the period 1947-1954 have been investigated. I was in charge of this work during the last three years, and had the privilege

of announcing our preliminary findings to the Genetic Society of Japan in November of last year (published in the Japanese *Journal of Genetics*, December, 1953, and in *Science*, November 6, 1953).

Theoretically, the type of hereditary damage mentioned by Professor Nishiwaki is to be expected. However, such are the extraneous variables involved in research into human populations that we were able to demonstrate that whatever genetic damage has occurred is of a magnitude that cannot be detected in this first generation, with the doubtful exception of a slight change in the sex-ratio.—Yours, etc.,

Oxford

DUNCAN J. McDONALD

'The Queen's Government'

Sir,—So far in this discussion everybody—that is, Sir Ivor Jennings, Mr. Utley, and your correspondent Mr. Munro—seems satisfied with the truth of Sir Ivor's main propositions: that the lower-middle class predominates in the marginal seats, and that its vote floats or fluctuates between the main parties. There is no evidence that these assumptions have been tested against the facts. For example, one would like to know what is the strength of this middle class in constituencies which were won by under 1,000 at the 1951 election. There is a handy list of such seats in *The Times House of Commons*, 1951. Of more than forty seats listed (Conservative and Labour in about equal numbers) not more than half a dozen are likely to have a middle-class majority.

At least, that would be so if the 'lower-middle class' were as defined by Mr. Utley: 'lower-salaried employees, schoolmasters, executive civil servants, clerks, and shop assistants'. But Sir Ivor Jennings, since he first expounded his theory more than ten years ago, has modified it somewhat. In his latest book he has calmly added 'mechanics' to his list of the lower-middle class. This term could be stretched to cover a large proportion of the nation's manual workers, and then we could say with Mr. Utley: 'No one will dispute these explanations', though some might doubt whether any useful conclusion can be drawn from them.

Our information about political behaviour by social class is certainly not as ample as one would like, but there is good reason to believe that the ebb and flow of party fortune occurs in every social level.—Yours, etc.,

London, W.C.1

JOHN BONHAM

Sir,—In his criticism of Mr. Utley's talk (printed in THE LISTENER, September 30), Mr. Munro asserts that 'to make people vote tory, they have to be made tory-minded'. In fact, however, the essential feature of the floating voter is that he accepts much less of the programme or outlook of the party he chooses for that particular election than do its regular supporters. For that reason, his influence is salutary rather than dangerous.

At his best, the floating voter applies practical tests to political remedies: he judges parties by their general outlook and record and by the impression of integrity, sincerity, and efficiency (or the reverse) which they give: he prevents one party acquiring a dominance unlimited in time and he thus ensures that we avoid, as a country, the alternative disasters of stagnation or destruction. At his worst, he merely decides which of the rival programmes will benefit his

pocket the more: but millions of the committed voters dare claim no loftier motive.

Neither the floating voter, nor any individual committed voter, is ever offered the exact programme he would like, and the 'floaters' influence does not disproportionately dominate the councils of the parties. Their programmes and their legislation are always compromises which take account of their opponents' views as well as of those of their regular supporters and of the floating voters.

I do not float: but I can imagine nothing more dangerous for our democracy than the elimination of those who do.—Yours, etc.,

London, S.W.1 C. G. W. WHIBLEY

Racial Problem in the United States

Sir,—Mr. Kolarz in his talk on 'The Racial Problem in the United States' (THE LISTENER, October 14) suggests that air travel can 'enable you to size up quickly the racial and geographical diversities of a huge country'. His talk suggests otherwise. It is true that one of the major factors in improving race relations has been the northward movement of the Negro, as has the southward movement of the white population. It is in the North, however, that the 'ghetto atmosphere' is found as much as in the South. Harlem in New York, the Negro district of Chicago, or of any industrial city of the Midwest, justify the Southern contention that the North, while criticising the South for segregation, practises it in fact if not in law.

Northern industry moving south has tended to adopt Southern attitudes to the Negro in order to be more fully accepted in a community normally hostile to 'Yankees'. The example of the agricultural machinery company which Mr. Kolarz cites—presumably International Harvester at Memphis, Tennessee—is in fact unique. There is, of course, no question that economic opportunity for the Negro at present lies in the North. But that opportunity is still limited by social practices which, even if not sanctioned by law, manage to curtail any chance of full equality in competition with white labour.—Yours, etc.,

Newdigate GEOFFREY CHANDLER

The Artist as a Man of Action

Sir,—As a deep admirer of the artistic-literary genius of Oscar Wilde, one can only be surprised at the amazing superficiality with which his works are understood and judged by the majority of the English. I refer to Mr. Graham Hough's talk printed in THE LISTENER of October 21, 'The Artist as a Man of Action'.

With the majority, Mr. Hough seems to believe that 'The Importance of Being Earnest' is the real indication and mark of Wilde's authentic genius—in other words, as far as his works are concerned, his chief claim on posterity was that of a comic dramatist who might have reached still higher peaks in that direction, had not fate intervened.

But it was Wilde himself, with wonderful critical perception, who said: 'There are two ways of disliking my plays: one is to dislike them, and the other is to like "Earnest"'. He himself always considered his volume of essays, *Intentions*, as the best things he had ever written. And, indeed, when due allowance is made for the surface blemishes of affectation, there are surely few works of the kind in English literature to compare with them for depth of artistic insight, clarity of thought and expression, and beauty of language.

May I suggest—with all courtesy—that one very powerful factor in the difference of the appreciation of this writer, as displayed between Britain and the Continent, lies in the simple fact that the English as a whole are not equipped with the requisite temperament and intellectual

vision to appreciate writers and artists of this ideal stamp for their real excellence. This is probably due partly to puritanism, partly to the coarser, rougher, and more commonplace sensibility of the British on these matters, as compared with the far greater cultural and artistic awareness of the Continent, where the humanising leaven of the Renaissance was not stifled almost in the birth, as in England after the age of Shakespeare.

England is basically conservative country where fixed institutions are revered—and rightly so. But this same attitude of tending to believe that a thing is excellent because consecrated by tradition leads to a paralysis of the critical faculty—especially in assessing vital values which are nearly always revolutionary. The delightful but relatively slight 'Importance of Being Earnest' was cast off by Wilde as a kind of sop to the British Cerberus which would and could take nothing else in return for the necessary payment and approval. On the Continent his figure is seen in its true proportions as a great master of language who possessed a many-sided genius in which the art spirit of the Italian Renaissance was joined to the lucidity and elegant wit of a Marivaux, all penetrated by an underlying deep religious sense. Even André Gide admitted in later years that he had not previously appreciated the full greatness of Wilde as a writer.—Yours, etc.,

London, S.W.1 A. PENSABENE

Sir,—The 'genius' which Wilde said he put into his life ended in shame and can only be deplored; the 'talent' he put into his writing led to one comedy that is generally acknowledged to be a masterpiece, and a variety of prose works that have been variously estimated.

With regard to this question of his stature as a writer of prose, it may be more illuminating to compare him with the living than with the dead; and I suggest that a re-reading of, say, 'The Critic as Artist' and 'The Soul of Man under Socialism' will convince most people that Wilde was at least a greater writer of prose than any living Englishman. Despite his defects—a certain perversity, affectation, tendency to over-write, a jejune political attitude (most of which, however, he was himself perfectly aware of; for there is depth beyond depth in Wilde that only the superficial can fail to see)—his prose belongs to a great stream of literature that was learned, solid, healthy, capable of the large sweep, the broad view, and was as full of matter as it was decked out in manner (when it wanted to be). A certain capacity for receiving and comparing ideas, an intellectual athleticism, that is splendidly exemplified in Wilde, seems to have dropped out of English literature since; I would say, with Chesterton. It would be interesting to know why.—Yours, etc.,

St. Albans G. R. LAMB

Sir,—In his talk on 'The Artist as a Man of Action' Mr. Graham Hough says of Oscar Wilde that in France, Italy, and Germany, he, along with Byron and Elizabeth Barrett Browning, is well known to be one of the greatest English literary figures after Shakespeare. It would be interesting to hear a few opinions on this astonishing statement. I myself, being well acquainted with contemporary German, French, and Italian literary assessments, can only say that Shelley, Keats, Milton, Browning, Wordsworth certainly rank far higher than the three Mr. Hough mentions. Since when, in any case, has Elizabeth Barrett Browning been classed as one of the greatest literary figures in England, mentioned in the same breath as Shakespeare? Neither here nor abroad have I ever heard of such a judgement. Surely we need a definition of the word 'great'.—Yours, etc.,

Barnt Green DALLAS KENMARE

Plaque at Tite Street

Sir,—In the light of your leading article on Oscar Wilde (THE LISTENER, October 21) it is interesting to recall that, in February 1905, Laurence Housman, writing to Robert Ross, said: 'Perhaps before we die a tablet will be up in Tite Street on the house where he used to live, and a Rodin statue up on the Embankment'. This was immediately after the publication of 'De Profundis', by which Robert Ross hoped to restore Oscar Wilde's literary reputation.—Yours, etc.,

London, W.14 BETTY BUTCHER

The Ugly Bits

Sir,—May I, as a former student of Dr. Hoskins, born in one of the poorest districts of Newcastle-on-Tyne (now cleared of its slums and pre-fabricated) thank Mr. Robbins for championing 'The Ugly Bits' (THE LISTENER, October 28)?

Unfortunately in his defence of suburbanisation and the industrial chimney, he omits to 'defend the real ugly bits—the nineteenth-century terraced houses with their cramped backyards and lanes, that still linger in the centres of so many of our industrial cities, which are anathema to Dr. Hoskins and 'a muddle of Victorian drabness and fussiness . . . dreary in the extreme' to Dr. Chalmers.'

They have a fascination, warmth, and distinctiveness for those brought up in them. They may look the same in Birmingham, Bootle and Bradford, but to the accustomed eye they are all different. They are ugly to the outsider, but when one knows intimately every detail, every corner, every short cut through the side streets, there is something about the rows of wet roofs and slow-smoking chimneys on a cold winter's day that makes one feel that all the little doors lead to home. For us they haven't the forbidding silent distance of the manor or the repelling insularity of the 'semi-detached desirable residence' (3 bed, half-tiled bathroom, sep. w.c., 2 recep., attractive garden, garage space). Let Dr. Hoskins yearn for the irretrievable past. Let Dr. Chalmers read his D. H. Lawrence. And let Mr. Robbins look upwards at chimneys, cooling towers and television aerials, but, Sir, let us look at our terraces (which with, I agree, outside paint and inside modernisation would be better places) and make our own judgements on beauty or ugliness, which are, after all, 'all in the state of the mind'.—Yours, etc.,

Brighton V. W. HOGG

Sir,—Mr. Michael Robbins made a worthwhile plea for the consideration of the industrial features of landscape in his talk 'The Ugly Bits'. I feel sure, however, that many of his listeners will not follow him in his over-generous appraisal of the suburban scene. He is right when he stresses its escapist motivation, for indeed one of its socially unhealthy characteristics is its insulation from the workaday world of production, to say nothing of over half the remainder of the community. But when he goes on to say that it is an escape from 'the heavy burden of conformity and convention to something more individual and private', surely he is reversing the facts. What could be more full of social conformity and convention than the average suburb with its superficial differences of garden and gable? As to privacy, most suburban houses are very much open to view. The stressing of differences is not perhaps as he suggests an assertion of harmless individuality, but the manifestation of a spirit of competition which is certainly not urbane.

Mr. Robbins suggests that critics of suburbs dismiss them contemptuously under the erroneous assumption that no one lives in them from choice. This is not quite the point. What

I think they dislike in them are the characteristics already alluded to, together with a recognition of the pretentiousness and artificiality of so much of suburban life as expressed in the Bijou Baronia, Stockbrokers' Tudor, and a collection of modern-fronted shops ironically referred to as 'the village'.

Doubtless suburbs have their advantages and virtues, but let us not gloss over their unsocial qualities and their hollowness. —Yours, etc.,

T. W. WEST

A Sculptor and His Public

Sir,—It may be rash to rush into print after merely hearing the spoken word, yet is that not just the fun of broadcasting, that it sometimes (as in Mr. Chadwick's case) makes a listener (as in my case) dash for his or her pen?

Mr. Chadwick says I have been inventing and re-phrasing what he said. But I see now from his text and from his letter that I heard aright. He did say that nobody knows what somebody else discovers in a work of art. My comment and my illustration on that statement I still feel to be legitimate. I do not attach 'immense' importance to the Manchester City Councillors' views on a piece of contemporary sculpture they had to decide upon, but quite a lot of importance. They took trouble and succeeded in letting some people know what some other people had discovered or found lacking, in a particular artist's work. In so doing, they boldly tried (and for me, in part succeeded) in contradicting Mr. Chadwick's generalisation that 'nobody knows etc. . . .'

It is true that Mr. Chadwick did not say that most works of art in the past were commissioned for motives of self-aggrandisement, but he asked us, in his talk, to remember 'all those great works of past ages which have been preserved to us and were in fact [?] commissioned, for reasons of self-aggrandisement, invidious comparison, snobbery and greed', supposing we began to wonder whether it was just present-day fashion or the activities of luxury trades which dictated the contemporary art patron's taste.

Mr. Chadwick's contemporary 'fashion and luxury trades' are innocent reasons compared with his horrid list of motives for some art patronage in the past. I still feel dislike of the whole sentence. Perhaps we can agree, at least, that the motives of the purchasing patron in past or present take second place, if only we can enjoy the results of his outlay.

The question of enjoyment, and therefore of a public, is important. Mr. Chadwick uses phrases like 'international fame and honour', and 'prominence in the art collecting world', which leave me unspeakably cold. I enjoyed his talk where it dealt with his own work and his own public.—Yours, etc.,

London, W.1

SYLVIA SPRIGGE

A Fine Memorial Window

Sir,—Mr. R. A. Robertson, in his preamble to a description of Gordon Webster's new memorial window in Glasgow Cathedral (THE LISTENER, October 14), talks about the present revival of stained glass, and of its graduation from mere trade level to a rightful place in the fine arts.

Looking back over the years since the end of the second world war, I fail to see any such revival having taken place. True, as a result of bombed churches claiming war damage, an immense number of stained glass windows have been commissioned. Little that I have seen, however, or had reported to me, resembles in any way art as I understand it.

Triteness of thought, a poverty of design and invention, insipid colour (we must have more

light), the same old arrangements of once-potent symbols traced from overworked cartoons, gaps in bad designs filled in with heraldry and flecked with unreadable quotations from the gospels. All this constitutes not a revival of a powerful medium, capable of being admired and criticised along with the best of contemporary fine art; but rather ensures the continuation of its unique separation, and finally, of course, its dissolution.

Yours, etc.,

London, S.W.19

KEITH NEW

A Great Theatrical Management

Sir,—Mr. Hesketh Pearson's remarks (THE LISTENER, October 28) on the lack of 'stars' at the Court Theatre under the Vedrenne-Barker management should be slightly qualified. When Ellen Terry was asked to appear in Shaw's 'Captain Brassbound's Conversion' during her stage jubilee year, Granville Barker said: 'I hope you understand, Miss Terry, that we shall not be able to "star" you. For one thing we can't put your name outside the house in enormous letters'. 'Oh!' replied Ellen blandly; 'I shall be quite content if you put it in the same size as yours and Vedrenne's'—both of whose names were in huge letters on the front of the theatre.—Yours, etc.,

Tenterden

CHRISTOPHER ST. JOHN

Pronunciation of English

Sir,—It is true that the Oxford Dictionary gives both the disyllabic and trisyllabic pronunciations of 'medicine'; but the former is given first (i.e. recommended); and the comment reads 'The disyllabic pronunciation has existed at least since the fourteenth century . . . The trisyllabic pronunciation is less common in England, and is by many objected to as either pedantic or vulgar; in Scotland and in the U.S. it is apparently the prevailing usage'. This was in 1908; the trisyllable, common then in England in only the pejorative sense of the word, has since become common numerically. It seems also to have become reputable, like *of-ten* and *gurl*.

I speak as a survivor of a generation who regarded most of the syllables in English words as rather to be seen than heard. All this learning to read and spell seems to be changing this. Perhaps the television habit and the wordless comic strip will again in time submerge the printed word, and all these jumped-up parvenu syllables will go down again into the decent and casual oblivion that so annoys some listeners. To my ear, 'med-i-cine' sounds as unnatural and over-loaded as 'Wed-nes-day' and 'extra-ordinary'.—Yours, etc.,

London, W.1

ROSE MACAULAY

Listening to the Third Programme

Sir,—The B.B.C. proposes, as an experiment, to set up a special listening panel for Third Programme broadcasts and would be glad to hear from any reader of THE LISTENER who would like to be enrolled.

The purpose of the panel will be to provide those responsible for the Third Programme with systematic assessments of listeners' views upon its broadcasts. Members of the panel will receive, week by week, questionnaires relating to a selected half-dozen forthcoming broadcasts in the Third Programme. Panel members will not be required to vary their normal listening habits, but merely to express their opinions about those of the selected broadcasts which they happen to hear. The completed questionnaires will be returned at the end of the each week, postage paid.

This invitation is extended to all who listen

to the Third Programme, even though only occasionally. Any listener who would like to be enrolled need, in the first instance, do no more than write 'Third Programme Panel', together with his or her name and address, on a postcard and send it to me at Broadcasting House, London, W.1. Every application will be acknowledged, though this may take some little time if their number is large.—Yours, etc.,

ROBERT SILVEY

Head of Audience Research, B.B.C.

How to Grow Pansies

Sir,—I feel that Dr. Mostyn Lewis (THE LISTENER, October 28) is not quite fair to British seedsmen, with reference to the difficulties of getting *Viola* species. Seed of *Viola cornuta* and *Viola gracilis* is offered by a well known London firm, and elsewhere. The varieties *Viola cornuta* 'Blue Gem', and *Viola gracilis* 'Huntercombe Purple', are really excellent and most accommodating. *Viola cornuta* is also listed in five colours in France, the yellow being an immeasurably better plant than *Viola lutea*. *Viola calcarata* has been widely grown in the past, and admittedly has a mixed reputation. It varies a good deal, and is found in a wide range of environments in Savoie, and if sufficient interest was taken in it to make a careful collection of seed stocks worth while, I believe robust strains could be isolated.

I agree with Dr. Mostyn Lewis, that it is the seeds we want. Collecting plants not only requires an import licence, but is usually illegal, without special permission, in the country of origin.—Yours, etc.,

Tonbridge

K. DE B. CODRINGTON

Sir,—I was also surprised to read Professor Codrington's suggestion that '*viola calcarata* should be in every rock-garden'. Enchanted by the sight of sheets of these pansies covering the Vosges, I have brought back plants to this country. They have arrived apparently in good form, but before the next spring has come again, they have shown their dislike of captivity (or the English climate) by vanishing from the face of their carefully prepared bed. The plant is unobtainable from nurserymen, because it is, if not impossible, extremely difficult to grow. Yet, it looks as if it ought to be as easy as a bedding *viola*.—Yours, etc.,

London, S.W.1

DYNELEY HUSSEY

Seasoning and Herbs

Sir,—May I suggest that the use of Southernwood as a flavouring, which is new to me, might be more 'encouraging' if it is remembered that its common name is surely 'Boy's Love', not 'Old Man's Beard', as given on page 721 of THE LISTENER (October 28). An alternative, though I believe used very infrequently, is 'Old Man', which may account for what I think to be an error. But, possibly even 'Old Man's Beard' might become palatable if referred to by one of its alternatives, 'Traveller's Joy'—though I should prefer someone else to do the experimentation.—Yours, etc.,

Abbots Leigh

H. COTTRELL

Sir Edwin Arnold

Sir,—I am preparing a thesis on the poet, scholar, and journalist, Sir Edwin Arnold, and should be grateful if any of your readers who possess information or material which might be of use to me would communicate with me.

Yours, etc.,

Department of English, K. R. MAHISHI
Ismail Yusuf College, Jogeshwari,
Bombay-42 (India)



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The Listener's Book Chronicle

General Gordon. By Lord Elton.

Collins. 25s.

THE CLOSING MONTHS of General Gordon's life, culminating in his death at the hands of the triumphant Mahdi inside Khartoum, make one of the epics of English history. The memorable cartoon in *Punch*, 'Too Late', no less than the stinging telegram, out of cypher, which Queen Victoria sent to Gladstone epitomises the extravagant feelings of hero worship which his career and fate inspired in the breast of middle-class England. In a happy phrase Morley, in his life of Gladstone, refers to the Liberal Cabinet of that time, 'otherwise so sensible and wary' as 'improvidently letting the genie forth from the jar' when they sent Gordon to the Soudan.

Lord Elton now calls forth the genie, and carefully examines it for the benefit of a generation living beyond the influence of its spell. The first three-quarters of his book is absorbingly interesting, though inevitably the last quarter suffers from familiarity with what he has to tell us. The theme of Lord Elton's book might be summed up in his sentence 'He was also one of the last, and one of the strangest, in the long line of British eccentrics'. Certainly some of his actions were decidedly odd, as when dining in a fashionable London house with Lord Ripon, who was about to set off for India as Viceroy, he insisted on eating every course from the same plate, saying, 'We shall have to rough it out in India, you know'. Almost in the same class was his refusal to dine with the Prince of Wales on the grounds that he always went to bed at half-past nine. Certainly he was no respecter of persons and when Lord and Lady Aberdeen, travelling down the Nile, invited him to visit their ship he was content to describe the Countess as 'a great, fat girl'.

His religious opinions dominated his life: to his contemporaries (as Morley noted) these seemed eccentric and to us they are almost embarrassing. Of the Holy Communion he could write: 'Revelling in Comms... it is a love philtre for one's enemies'. At times the reader is tempted to dismiss Gordon as a Victorian Jehovah's Witness. But if some of his religious utterances strongly jar on twentieth-century ears, he did not hesitate to throw them before the countless rough lads whom he befriended. He always referred to his boys as Kings or Wangs and it has to be stressed that his only shield and buckler against the jeers of the world lay in his own innocence. 'How far better', he once wrote, 'to be allowed to be kind to a little scrub than to govern the greatest kingdom'.

Lord Elton succeeds in demolishing Strachey's diverting but ill-founded charge that General Gordon drank. The story evidently derived from Gordon's use of quinine and brandy as a specific against fever when he was in the Near East, and drawing on the account of one who disliked Gordon, Strachey developed the lurid picture of the General sitting unsteadily in his tent before an open Bible and an open cognac bottle. As the author points out, the type of religious mystic was not only antipathetic but incomprehensible to Strachey.

By strictly biographical standards this book must be judged unequal. The list of authorities is thin, notable omissions being the biography of Sir Redvers Buller and Miss Olivia Manning's admirable book on Emir Pasha. The author nowhere gives his readers an adequate account of Gordon's family and antecedents. He quotes ridiculous and exaggerated attacks on Gordon for his severity in China

when in command in the early 1860s of the Ever Victorious, but he might with advantage have reminded his readers of the attacks in the House of Commons—especially the speech of Cobden—against the policy which Gordon was putting into force. But those possibly pedantic grumbles do not detract from the interest of the book or diminish the general reader's enjoyment of a convincing portrait.

Within the Taurus. A Journey in Asiatic Turkey. By Lord Kinross.

Murray. 18s.

After half a century of near-closure, Asiatic Turkey is opening to us again. Through the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries, travellers roamed diligently (though passport-encumbered, as in Russia) about it, and wrote their Turkey books. Then it more or less shut down, owing to the various tedious and irrelevant occurrences, such as wars, revolutions, and constitutions, that so annoyingly hamper tourism. But now (one forgets why, and it does not matter) we can travel about it again, and again write our Turkey books. Lord Kinross' is completely fascinating. It is to be hoped that the rest of his Turkey travels will follow, in later books: this one deals mainly with Anatolia, eastern Turkey, and the great central plateau within the Taurus mountain range. From Istanbul he sailed down the Black Sea, as did the Argonauts when after the Golden Fleece, but in a slow, crowded steamer that hugged the coast and called at all the ancient ports set there by the Greeks two thousand five hundred years ago and inhabited by Greeks ever since, until Atatürk turned them out the other day. He reached Hopa, the farthest Turkish port; beyond that he could follow the Argo no more for, where once the Fleece hung dragon-guarded, lies now Soviet Russia behind its iron curtain.

He spent some time in Trebizond, the last stronghold of the Byzantine empire, and gives a fascinating account of that strange, squalid port, now all-Turkish, with its few remaining Byzantine churches and the Comnenus palace in tree-grown ruins on a hill. The hinterland behind the Euxine sea is exciting: the ancient murdered kingdom of Armenia; Ararat, where travellers seek, and sometimes find, the ark; the mountains over which marched Xenophon and the Ten Thousand, crying 'thalatta, thalatta!' to the sea. Lord Kinross explored this frontier country, visiting the medieval churches, castles, and ruined fortified cities of deceased Armenia, which Turks do not care to hear mentioned, for they are sensitive about the massacres, and have pronounced *delenda est Armenia* over Armenian history, architecture, and people; Armenian churches, ruined or whole, have become Seljuk, Ottoman, Greek, anything to obscure their true provenance. This guilty and ingenuous obscurantism is at times exasperating. Wishing to visit an interesting medieval Armenian church on a deserted island in Lake Van, Lord Kinross was assured that it was inaccessible; when he succeeded in seeing it, he was assured that it was Greek, for Armenians had been notoriously unable to build. Armenia itself was declared largely a figment of American propaganda. This sensitiveness could be used as a weapon of retaliation.

'Slightly stung' (at being guessed to be fifty-five), 'I broached the awkward topic of the Armenians, who had once inhabited this country, and whose ruined conical chapels I had seen

here and there.... What, I inquired with an innocent air, had become of the Armenians?'

'The Mayor made a ghoulis downward gesture with his thumb. "The Armenians", he said, "are under the ground".'

'He gave a guttural laugh, in which the villagers joined'.

Lord Kinross makes posthumous amends to these deprived ghosts by his magnificent descriptions of their architecture, landscape, and history. Indeed, throughout his book, the visual descriptions are so vivid, often so beautiful, so telling in image and word, so erudite in learning, as to give continuous thrills of pleasure. There is Lake Van, that most dramatic of regions, superbly described, with its great vanished city, its primal beauty of lake and shore, its huge Rock, belted and bound with fortress walls, hewn with tombs, inscribed with man's boasts for three thousand years—the ancestral citadel of the Kings of Van, conquered by successive races, now alone in monumental desolation. Here were once the legendary palace gardens of Queen Semiramis. Of such material, which is already poetry, Lord Kinross heightens the beauty: one reflects on the immense increase in vividness, terseness, and grace of style which has so greatly embellished the tales of travellers since Turkey was last a travellers' land.

Lord Kinross writes with wit, poetry, scholarship, imagination, and a nice sense of geography. He introduces us also to an agreeable gallery of characters. He objects to discomfort, but embraces it in the cause of getting about; he travels hard, sleeps uncomfortable, gets everywhere with an occasional lapse from jeeps, lorries, buses, and the motor bicycles of mad dentists, into the swift ease of a 'plane. By these various means of transport he jolts and swerves about Anatolia, seeing the most remarkable antiquities and modernities, talking to people everywhere, examining architecture and mountains, describing the people, the architecture, and the mountains with equal vividness, driving south to the astonishing, antiquity-strewn Mediterranean coast (which awaits another book) and back again through the Cilician Gates to the Taurus, the Hittites (who, it seems, are less tedious when seen close) and the fantastic lava monasteries of Cappadocia.

The whole saga is amusing, beautiful, and full of the most desirable information; one of the best of travel books. It has a map, and should have more; some excellent photographs; and one oddity of nomenclature—surely to call clergymen consistently 'The Reverend Badger', etc., is as wrong as to speak of 'The Honourable Smith'. Or is this, once an illiteracy, on its way in? But it consorts oddly with Lord Kinross' impeccable English.

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accurately described as a 'mutiny'. He deals at some length with this now forgotten trouble over Ulster and the third Home Rule Bill, and he puts up a vigorous defence for himself and his officers, dismissing as an absurd myth the idea that there was a conflict between 'the Army and the people'. And he has something fresh to say about March 1918.

But these are no more than peaks in a long range of experiences, stretching from childhood in Victorian Ireland to the Home Guard in wartime London. Still active in mind—not to say truculent and ready on provocation to trail his coat—Sir Hubert, now in his eighties, has been able to draw on a wealth of period recollection. He knew a still almost Kiplingesque India of polo and frontier scrapping. As an unmarried officer of Lancers, he needed these servants—bearer, khitmutgha (to wait at meals and cook when in camp), bheesti (to carry water for baths and stables), mehta (to attend to what the General describes as 'the elementary sanitary duties'), mali (gardener), dhobi (laundry work), chowkidar (to guard the bungalow at night) and syces and grass cutters for each horse and pony. Married officers employed three more—khansamah (super head man and caterer), ayah (wife's Indian maid) and bawachi (cook).

At Peshawar, he met Winston Churchill of the 4th Hussars, who 'used to take his stand in front of the fire and from that position of advantage he would lecture all and sundry on the conduct of operations with complete confidence—it seemed to me that he was practising making speeches. No one can deny, however, that he is an outstanding example of the truth of the proverb "Practice makes perfect!"' Reading Sir Hubert's forthright comments on the great, in and out of uniform, is to be tempted to regret that, on the only occasion he stood for parliament—Lord Layton persuaded him to fight a by-election as an Independent Liberal—he failed to beat the Lloyd George candidate. The mould in which Sir Hubert was shaped has been broken, and his sincere, vivid account of it makes absorbing reading.

The Lost Villages of England

By M. Beresford.

Lutterworth Press. 45s.

The author of this book is a historian who is valiantly trying to rescue English history from the wilderness of documents and bring it back to earth. Mr. Beresford wisely decided to publish his book 'while the volume of material is still of manageable compass'. Unfortunately England is a little too big and its geography too diversified for treatment as a whole, whether by historians or prehistorians; and regional books, we know, are abhorred by publishers. The author divides his book into parts, dealing first with the landscape and fabric of the villages, then with the occasion and motives which led to their destruction, concluding with a chapter on method—how to discover whether there are any deserted villages in a given district, and if there are, where they may be found. The book ends with a list of all known lost villages arranged under counties, and appendices and notes. These last should have been inserted in the text as footnotes; divorcing them thus from the text is one of the besetting sins of publishers which pleases no one else.

One is glad to have a general survey of the whole subject in a convenient form, written in a scholarly way by a competent historian. Full use has been made of air-photographs to illustrate the text, but the octavo format does not allow room for more than snippets of them. One would like to see more illustrations of the kind reproduced on Plate 1, where an air-photograph showing Wharham Percy is printed with the

ordnance map of the site made a century ago. Similar comparisons with sixteenth- and seventeenth-century field-maps would be illuminating, but the areas thus shown should correspond exactly, so that comparison may be easily made. The absence of a visual scale is a handicap. In the use of maps and air-photographs the author has still much to learn, but he is not the only one in this condition. The subject is one that needed just such a historical outline as the author has provided here, but what is now required is something more detailed and printed in a bigger format.

Oxford History of English Literature, Vol. III. English Literature in the Sixteenth Century; excluding Drama By C. S. Lewis. Oxford. 30s.

A new critical work from Mr. Lewis is always something of an event. We have come to expect much of him. He seems as easily at home in the classical and the Continental literatures as in English, but while his erudition is everywhere apparent he never rams it down our throats. No one is better aware of 'influences' in our early literature, yet he avoids the fashionable error of regarding source-hunting as literary criticism. What a writer says and whether he says it well or badly are for him the first considerations; other things, if relevant, will find a place later. He is never vague; direct and concrete, he states his opinion, backs it with reasons and illustrations, and there's an end. He is stimulating and individual in his judgements, and even when we disagree with him, we can respect his point of view; moreover, he never bores us. We expect much of him, and it can be said at once that in this new work he satisfies our expectations.

However, we begin with a cavil: Mr. Lewis uses some very questionable terminology. He divides his book into three sections: Late Medieval, 'Drab', 'Golden'. The last two words, as he uses them, have nothing to do with badness and goodness. 'Drab', he tells us, 'marks a period in which, for good or ill, poetry has little richness of sound or images. The good work is neat and temperate, the bad flat and dry'. And 'by "golden" poetry I mean not simply good poetry, but poetry which is, so to speak, innocent, and ingenuous. In a Golden Age the right thing to do is obvious'. So he can speak of very good 'drab' poetry, and very bad 'golden'. But in common modern usage the two words have, in Mr. Lewis' way of speaking, decidedly 'dyslogistic' and 'eulogistic' connotations, and as most of the works classed as 'drab' are in fact bad, and most of the 'golden' in varying degrees good, the terms are misleading.

Reasonably enough, he objects to the label 'Metaphysical' attached to poets like Donne, but when he offers us 'Catachrestic' instead, how many of us are any the wiser? He does, however, give some justification for his other alternative, 'Bartasian', by showing that all the Metaphysicals sound as if they had been brought up on du Bartas or on Sylvester's translation; here indeed is one place where he stresses an 'influence' that has been almost entirely neglected. Elsewhere he is wilful about terms whose meaning is clear enough, but his trifling eccentricities do not vitiate his literary judgements.

Mr. Lewis should do good with his introductory chapter, 'New Learning and New Ignorance'. Far too much, he shows, has been made of the effect on English literature of the new astronomy and the new geography, and especially of the revival of classical learning. Behind all the writings studied in his volume, he reminds us, lies the older conception of the universe, and he finds little evidence that the

voyages of discovery greatly stimulated the imagination of writers. An excellent analysis of the ways in which the humanists mishandled the new classical learning leads him to the conclusion that 'the great literature of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries was something which humanism, with its unities and *Gorboducs* and English hexameters, would have prevented if it could, but failed to prevent because the high tide of native talent was then too strong for it'. If he condemns too unreservedly some results of what we have been taught to call the Renaissance—he himself finds the word seriously misleading and generally avoids it—he does make his point that 'our legend of the Renaissance is a Renaissance legend'.

On the authors of the period Mr. Lewis is first-rate. If we cannot share all his enthusiasm for Gavin Douglas, that is no doubt because we find Douglas' language a greater barrier to enjoyment than he does; all the same, Dunbar, using the same language, is much more likely to please a modern taste. For Sir Philip Sidney his admiration is almost as unbounded as that of the Elizabethans themselves. Not many of us can put ourselves back in the 1590s as easily and fully as he seems able to do, and for all his persuasiveness the *Arcadia* will remain for most of us something of a bore.

However, it is not often that we seriously question his judgement. On Spenser he writes with as much distinction as he did nearly twenty years ago in *The Allegory of Love*, and his criticism of all the giants, notably More and Hooker, is fresh and stimulating. Yet he does not scamp the little men. He puts Barclay's *Eclogues* or Stow's *Survey* in their places as ably as he does, say, the *Shepherd's Calendar*, of which, after a due appraisal of its historical interest, he writes: 'I have never in my life met anyone who spoke of it in the tones that betray real enjoyment'. Perhaps the highest praise that can be given to this volume is to say that it is a fitting companion and complement to *The Allegory of Love*.

Science and Social Action

By W. J. H. Sprott. Watts. 15s.

'Imagine four people setting up house together; it might be four students. Again mutual adaptation of each to each, and each, in a sense, to all, is essential. They cannot, we will suppose, all sit on the same chair; they cannot all get into the bath at the same time'.

'On his scheme the universalistic, specific, affectively neutral, achievement-oriented roles are incompatible with a large-scale kinship structure'.

Two voices are there—or possibly more—but neither, as we know, is the authentic voice of Sprott. The second, obviously, is the language of Talcott Parsons. The first belongs to the softening-up process with which the Professor opened his course of Josiah Mason Lectures whose text (changed hardly at all) is here published in book form. When seen in cold print the section devoted to sociology without tears may seem to some readers to be a trifle long. They should not be discouraged. Soon they will hear the clear and incisive tones of the scholar whom they seek, free from all traces both of baby-talk and of jargon. They must read on.

The second part of the book is a collection of samples of what sociologists have done or are doing. First, 'The Small Group'—a rather drab affair, but that is not the author's fault. Then a pair of chapters on 'Assimilation' and 'Deviance', an ingenious and successful choice of themes illustrating the detailed study of social processes. Finally another pair on the more ambitious attempts to explain the manifold nature of human society and the history of its evolution—'The Grand Manner' and 'The

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Sociology of Knowledge'. These are difficult topics to handle, and Professor Sprott acquits himself with distinction. But why is there no mention of Hobhouse in either of these last two chapters, or indeed anywhere else in the book? In his absence, the discussion of the possible methods to be used in the study of social development is necessarily jejune and one-sided.

The first three chapters deal in general terms with the scope, nature, and methods of social science. They are stimulating but rather puzzling. Let us select two points for consideration. First, the relation between research and theory. Professor Sprott claims that the study of society is scientific in the broad sense in which all our conscious attempts to accumulate knowledge about the world around us and to act on that knowledge partake of the nature of science. This we may grant. But, he continues, it does not follow that there exists a general body of theory and that all research should either be dictated by it or converge on to it. In the social sciences the body of theory is a 'specialist study', and most of the research seeks validation by reference, not to it, but to 'sophisticated common sense'. And elsewhere he says that we may treat psychological interpretation as 'a satisfactory half-way house'. This is both obscure and a little disquieting. Who are the practitioners of this 'specialist study' which is not firmly based on research? Does he mean Simmel, or von Wiese, or possibly Parsons? And, granted that we need some half-way houses, why must they be only psychological? Does he intend to elevate the introspective hunch of the amateur psychologist above the informed judgement of the student of social structure and events as it has been used, for better or for worse, by countless generations of historians and by those devoted to the comparative study of institutions? Many sociologists regard the psychological half-way house as a peculiarly treacherous refuge.

The second point is his decision to adopt 'social action' as the 'basic concept'. He claims that in this he is in agreement with Max Weber and his 'modern follower', Talcott Parsons. But it may be argued that 'social action' was not really in any exact sense the strategic base from which Weber did his best work, and that, when Parsons tries to advance from it and conquer wide territories, he calls to his aid the 'integration hypothesis' (or belief in the reality of harmonious social systems) about which Professor Sprott is so sceptical. If this hypothesis proves fruitless, he says, 'then in that sense of social theory there is no social theory. And now, where are we? Back, I would say, at the psychological level'. But why not at the level of those more structural studies which sound so promising when he speaks of them in his final chapter, and of which comparative law is the example he cites? They do not imply the 'integration hypothesis'; they do not dwell in psychological half-way houses, and they do not use the concept of 'social action' as the unit out of which their whole analytical apparatus must be constructed.

The Broader Way: A Woman's Life in the New Japan. By Sumie Seo Mishima. Gollancz. 13s. 6d.

Another book about post-war Japan by a woman, but this time by a Japanese woman. The angle now is not the ineptitude of the American occupation, nor the un-western peculiarities of the Japanese, nor the private life of the Crown Prince, but the emancipation of Japanese women from their traditional position of inferiority and servitude.

Mrs. Mishima, whose American education

roused in her a proper spirit of rebellion against the 'domestic slavery' which was traditionally the fate of all good Japanese wives, believes that the American Occupation has at least succeeded in liberating Japanese women. Its other attempts at 'democratising' Japan she delicately hints may be of doubtful permanence, but in the liberation of women 'the democratisation has struck root deeply into the earth'. In giving them legal equality with men and in showing Japanese men good manners towards women, the Occupation has given Japanese women something which it would have taken them many years to acquire for themselves.

Mrs. Mishima devotes the first half of her book to her experiences during and immediately after the war. She describes most vividly the terrible bombing of Tokyo, and the starvation, homelessness, and wretchedness which followed. She describes from the Japanese angle scenes which have already been described many times from the American—such as GIs bartering Hershey bars and packets of cigarettes for priceless kimonos and family heirlooms—and scenes which probably few Americans saw: the inside of a street-car packed past bursting point, crowds of people living in squalor and exhaustion in the underground passages of Ueno station, the curiously feudal organisation of the Tokyo prostitutes and 'pom-pom' girls.

In the second half of her book she seeks to show from her own experience how the liberation of women has grown out of the post-war shattering of family traditions. Her two step-daughters flouted tradition by marrying men of their own choice. Friends of hers rejected husbands they did not like. Though of course there are still many husbands who cling tenaciously to their old privileges, for Japanese women in general, Mrs. Mishima feels, Japan's defeat has been a blessing in disguise. They can never, she thinks, go back to their former servitude.

It is not surprising that the book has had a success in America. Mrs. Mishima loses no opportunity for praising the kindness, humanity, justice, and cheerfulness of the Americans in Japan, or for expressing gratitude for their economic aid to the country's recovery. She does not pretend, however, that the original Occupation plans for the democratisation of Japan have had the success hoped for, and even expresses fears of the return of a fascist regime. She hopes that the newly enfranchised women, who outnumber the men, may be able to control the democratic growth of the country.

Ambassadors and Secret Agents

By Alfred Cobban. Cape. 21s.

Professor Cobban's illuminating and instructive study of a diplomatic dispute in the eighteenth century does not support the views recently expressed by Sir Harold Nicolson as to the superior merits of 'the old diplomacy'. The subject of his study is the struggle between the French and British Governments for influence over the Dutch Republic, ending with the decisive defeat of France in 1787. This defeat was attributed to the able diplomacy of the British Minister at The Hague, Sir James ('get me a glass of brandy') Harris, who was raised to the peerage as Lord Malmesbury for his services in the affair. In fact, as Professor Cobban points out, 'it was produced by the combination of a series of accidents, and no one in advance could have foreseen, or did foresee, how they would eventuate. All one can say is that Harris put himself in the best posture to take advantage of whatever situation might develop'.

This is much more than can be said for any of the other diplomatic representatives who played a part in the struggle. 'It is difficult', Professor Cobban writes, 'not to be struck by the extent to which the French and Prussian

Governments were being misled by their representatives at The Hague'. The French representatives 'misreported the facts and bolstered up their arguments by unobjective optimism'; while the Prussian Minister's 'only policy, if it can be called such, seems to have been to tell everyone what he thought they would like—or perhaps pay—to be told'. Unlike the Prussian Minister, the French Chargé d'Affaires in London 'did not deliberately misinform his Government'; but 'by his desire to appear to know far more than he actually did, [he] misled it almost as badly as if he had done so deliberately'. One of his fixed ideas was that Pitt was being pushed by George III into warlike measures in support of the Prince of Orange. 'It would be difficult', Professor Cobban writes again, 'to have provided a more complete misreading of the situation. George III's predilections were indeed relevant, but they operated against and not for the policy of assistance to the Stadtholder'. On another fatuous report from the same source Professor Cobban comments: 'It will be seen that Barthélemy had in a high degree some of the qualities necessary for a successful diplomatic career. If he did not understand what was happening, he could always produce a theory to explain why it had happened, and his theories were always completely convincing to anyone, like his own Foreign Minister, who did not know the facts'.

Lest any unduly flattering conclusions be drawn as to the respective merits of French and British diplomats, Professor Cobban emphasises that Harris was in a class by himself, and that the French Ambassador at The Hague, whom he describes as 'a man of straw, unfitted for anything but a decorative position' was far closer to the common run of British Ambassadors. Thus at Paris the Duke of Dorset's despatches were so useless that the Foreign Office were reduced to imploring the secretary to the Embassy to proceed as if the Ambassador were absent and to report to them himself. At Brussels, Professor Cobban describes Lord Torrington's despatches as reading 'like a series of begging letters' and apart from this as being 'distinguished only by the use of more exclamation marks, in more unsuitable places, than any other communications I have ever seen'. At Berlin the secretary to the Embassy reported that it was impossible to arouse Lord Dalrymple 'from a state of inactivity or get him to interest himself in anything'; and his opposite number in Madrid wrote of his principal, Lord Bute: 'our man is as fit to be Ambassador as I am to be Pope'. 'It seems', Professor Cobban remarks, 'to have been almost a rule that no Ambassador or envoy was a hero to his official secretary, but a study of the diplomatic correspondence does not lead to any inclination to qualify these unfavourable verdicts'.

The British Soldier

By Colonel H. de Watteville.

Dent. 18s.

Most soldiers in writing a book about soldiers would overweigh their subject with sentimentality and so frustrate their intention of presenting the soldier in a favourable light. Colonel de Watteville is not a practised writer but he has sincerity, carefully acquired knowledge, and a tolerant mind which have enabled him to write a fascinating account of the British soldier from Tudor times to the present. Especially moving is his chapter on the appalling system of maintaining discipline by flogging. Always the author's sympathy is with the private: the War Office could do worse than present a copy of this book to every newly commissioned officer so that he may understand the nature and excellence of the men he has to command.

CRITIC ON THE HEARTH

Weekly comments on B.B.C. programmes by independent contributors

Television Broadcasting

DOCUMENTARY

Worth-while Programmes

SOON THE NEWSPAPERS will be giving space to U.N. pronouncements on Cyprus. Many viewers in this country will now read the published reports with their attention sharpened by last week's 'Special Enquiry' programme which cleared the fog of misinformation from the issues involved in Greece's claim to that island. A telerecording of the programme might be a valuable contribution to the deliberations in New York, in which the silence of abstention from the voting may be as eloquent in the final result as the upraised hands of yea or nay. It would show that the problem is one of preserving minority rights in the face of majority sentiment.

One in five inhabitants of Cyprus is Turkish and in favour of the *status quo*, in which are integrated the benefits of British sovereignty: afforestation of a potential Mediterranean dust-bowl, irrigation, metalled roads (more than in all Greece), and health improvements. 'Special Enquiry' affirmed that the British record has been—well, not bad. It appears to be tolerated rather than appreciated and the programme showed that cultural and religious affinities running deep into history supply the red corpuscles which make Enosis a living, noisy thing.

The programme achieved an integrity that is a credit to those concerned in its making. Sir Gerald Barry's name appeared on our screens as a newcomer in the editorial role, a sign that the series is committed, in this newest session, to further projects of public importance and worth. As the commentators for 'Cyprus', Robert Reid and Colin Wills acquitted themselves well, the first posing a wide-ranging series of questions, the second answering them from his recent on-the-spot investigations.

Aidan Crawley's preoccupying theme in last week's 'Viewfinder' was the imperative one of the doctors' attitude to the National Health Service after five years of working it, a topic of the maximum public interest. Something was lacking; controversial edge: the medical men were too concerned to preserve the decencies of their profession and none could say that they overstepped the borders of fair statement. Their voices had a more urgent note when they told us that what is chiefly wrong with the Health Service is politics and that the sooner it is taken out of the realm of party the better. Not an immensely rewarding programme, after all, and there are viewers known to me who thought it dull. I stand by my impression that the best

'Viewfinder' we have as yet had in the new series was the programme on the railwaymen at Bletchley three or four weeks ago. There was hardly a platitude in it; remarkable.

'Gypsy Days', which was to give us glimpses of Welsh Romany life and thought, according to a *Radio Times* programme note, was on the whole disappointing, probably because one expected too much in terms of aboriginal self-



Costume jewellery being displayed in 'Fashion Spotlight' on October 25

expression. The most satisfying of the personal performances came from Clifford Lee, who wears the collar and tie and speaks the accents of urban life, which he has lately adopted. Living in a house, he says, he misses above all the feel of the seasons. The dancing of the semi-gypsy artist's wife seemed to be a producer's dodge rather than an authentic manifestation of the Romany spirit, and Brian Vesey-FitzGerald, who knows the subject, was handicapped by a lack of richness in the resources he was required to display. The recorded voice of Augustus John, speaking elegiac verses at the burying of John Sampson, savant of gypsy lore, was movingly introduced. Missing from the programme was the gypsy's assertion of himself as an individual engaged in a protest which commands respect even when he is up to no good.

Again defying the niceties of programme balance, the planners put on 'Snapshot' at one remove from 'Tall Story Club', and the point is not mentioned because I consider that either programme is a television benefaction, despite the alleged clamour of viewers in favour of the first-named series. Two good speakers lifted last week's 'Snapshot' above the commonplace: Lady Dugdale, who told a vivid story about her visit to Peking, and Sir William Darling, M.P., who drew amusingly on a reminiscence of the first Lord Birkenhead. As for Henry Longhurst's diving adventure in the Red Sea, it impressed him more than it did us, though he would be entitled to doubt that many of us would have taken the same risk.

Lovely faces obtrude into these thoughts of the not so glamorous television operations of last week. They belong to the models who showed off costume jewellery in 'Fashion Spotlight', and, a trifle less hauntingly, to the visiting Italian film stars who made Leslie Mitchell's mouth turn down at the corners in his interviewing session for which some of them failed to turn up. The models were almost daringly attractive; compliments to Stephen McCormack, the producer of the programme, in which the camera showed us too few details of the gems we were supposed to be studying but which, even so, dazzled in a supplementary sense.

On Saturday afternoon there was the motor-car trial at Aylesbury for the television trophy, with gallant ladies in overalls giving imitations of the late Harry Champion, of the music-halls, leaping up and down as he sang 'Any Old Iron'. Another outside broadcast, that same afternoon, showed Birmingham University students in a carnival 'rag' which at points looked as if it might deposit some of them in the hospitals to which their energies were dedicated with so much riotous generosity.

REGINALD POUND

DRAMA

Alas, Poor Peer

IT IS OR USED TO BE said that coming an occasional cropper was good for the soul. Or should one say 'catching a tartar'? And what is the Ibsenite for that? Catching a Troll, perhaps. But no doubt there is a phrase in Norwegian for meeting your Waterloo or Bannockburn. 'Getting the Boy', I imagine.

B.B.C. television drama, which has been getting glossier and more Rebecca-ish with every passing week of late, came across a real obstacle last Sunday with the first part of 'Peer Gynt'—down to the death of Ase. Tonight, unless something unforeseen occurs (and even if it does)



As seen by the viewer: 'Special Enquiry—Cyprus' on October 25—close-up of Cypriots, and (right) a school class 'Gypsy Days' on October 26: Juanita Berlin, lover of horses; and (right) one of her drawings done in the television studio

Photographs: John Cura



'Peer Gynt' on October 31, with Mary O'Farrell as Ase and Peter Ustinov as Peer Gynt

they purpose to present the second part. Peter Ustinov may well be better as the more mature and humorous Peer. Indeed it may *all* be better. It could hardly be worse.

Should critics lie? No, it makes for boredom. But there is such a thing as 'putting it in perspective', which sometimes pays dividends as it did, say, in the early days of Sadler's Wells or the Old Vic when a general critical conspiracy agreed that even when it was awful you said it was 'sporting', 'a jolly good show', and so on; until at last the idea got about that it must after all be quite good, whereupon it was! Now I am an Ibsenite of the Ibsenites. I find the plays hugely impressive. I think 'Peer Gynt' well done (as it was, say, in the Ralph Richardson-Tyrone Guthrie production at the close of the war) can be a major experience, like your first 'Hamlet', 'Faust', or 'Tristan', something after which you are never quite the same again.

I would simply love to think that 9,000,000 viewers had this experience on Sunday night and will have it again tonight. But I cannot delude myself. I cannot even haul out that old gag about a thing being worth doing badly if it is worth doing at all. I am quite prepared to go on thinking that the producer, Royston Morley, and Mr. Ustinov himself are men of genius, but for the presentation of 'Peer Gynt' on this occasion I can scare up scarcely a word which is not dispraise.

Let us detail. First, the matter of translation. I agree this is a stumbling-block. It is necessary to suggest that Ibsen was writing a poetic drama and that the idiom is pithy, earthy, vigorous. But how is that to be got over in English? Perhaps the best way would be to have it acted in Norwegian and then 'dubbed' like one of those absurd Italian films! Even so, we should be stuck with an intractable vocabulary. I am allergic to few words, but when the talk is *all* about 'rascals' and 'lusty ones', and 'false ones', and lassies and wenches and 'don't care a pin' and 'drive me to the tomb you desire', and 'had you only wished to wed her, to the church you could have led her', why then, like the young lady ballerina at Ingrid's wedding, 'Home must I go': that is my one wish. I have nothing whatever against R. Ellis Roberts, who doubtless knows Norwegian inside out, but I did not care—I mean 'cared not a pin'—for this version.

Mr. Ustinov wrestled fairly gallantly with this back-to-front, Puccini-in-English sort of verbiage, and, looking like Emil Jannings in the role of Bunthorne, achieved an occasional effect by applying that clever drawl of his and then throwing the line away into inaudibility, but not

everyone was so lucky. I thought Mary O'Farrell, who in my eyes can do no wrong, was sadly handicapped. The death scene, usually one to draw tears from a stone, was largely ineffective because we had never at any point yet stopped thinking of Peer and his mother as two television players 'coping' as best they could. So much for the sound of it—if you spare a thought for the still bright incidental music by Grieg, who got no *Radio Times* credit but was still the least flabby ingredient. What of the look of it?

Again the answer is a Troll. I quite see that it must be difficult. Trolls on the stage, in colour and cross-lighting, are one thing; on a

television screen quite another. At best, I suppose we might have expected something like the witches in Orson Welles' 'Macbeth' or the Walpurgisnacht in Murnau's 'Faust' for U.F.A. long ago. What we could not take were ballerinas got up to look like Nell Gwynne at Battersea Park Pleasure Gardens popping in and out of the stunted Christmas trees which grow so thick in toy departments at this time of year. Anything less frightening than this Hall of the Troll King it would be hard to imagine. When the Sabbatical dances began, all I could think of was some terrible school theatricals with girls from the lower fifth



'The Bear' on October 27, with (left to right) Maira Lister as Yelena Ivanovna Popov, Henry Kendall as Grigory Stepanitch Smirnov, and Paul Whitsun-Jones as Luka

'doing a dervish dance, doncherknow'. Lamentable traipsings!

But then this Peer seemed hardly more than bored to be in this establishment anyway. As for desperately wanting to get out of it, as for being released by the sound of the church bells—why, the effect went for nothing whatever.

What, of course, is so unfair about television criticism of the kind I have written is that one simply does not know in that particular instance if the effect didn't come off because Mr. Morley didn't want it to, or because at that moment everyone's attention was on averting some television contretemps. I truly would have liked to like it if possible. But no, this first part, as far as I am concerned, emphatically gets the Boyg.

PHILIP HOPE-WALLACE

Sound Broadcasting

DRAMA

Golden Letter

IT IS TRYING to be faced with an addition to a masterpiece. Here is an apparently entire and perfect chrysolite; then somebody says it is



'Olympia' on October 26, with (left to right) Dulcie Gray as Princess Olympia, Martita Hunt as Princess Eugénie, Malcolm Keen as General Prince Plata-Ettingen, Walter Hudd as Albert, and Agnes Lauchlan as Lina

imperfect after all, and offers a chip detached from the original. Maybe the first impulse is to be scornful, to suggest—like Lady Bracknell—that the author is displaying signs of triviality. I imagine that the 'lost' scene (Home), the fragment that Alexander cut from 'The Importance of Being Earnest', would have gone out to a sternly critical audience. ('If this kind of thing goes on, they'll be ramming bits into "Twelfth Night"'.) But the lost scene, which belongs to the second act of 'The Importance', must have disarmed many. If it had been acted in 1895, no one would have grumbled much; and indeed the new part of Mr. Gribbsby—who, we observe, is both Gribbsby and Parker, the first when on unpleasant business, the second on less serious occasions—is one in which actors, over the last sixty years, could have had some mild success. John Ruddock, with tones that seemed to bristle blandly, certainly had a success last week; we need not talk too pedantically about Spenslow and Jorkins.

The matter is simple. The Law is pursuing Algernon for a debt of £762 14s. 2d. due to the Savoy Hotel. Miss Prism thinks there can be little good in any young man who eats so much and so often. Unless the debt is paid, Algernon and Gribbsby must be at Holloway by four o'clock ('Otherwise it is very difficult to obtain admission'). Algernon complains in

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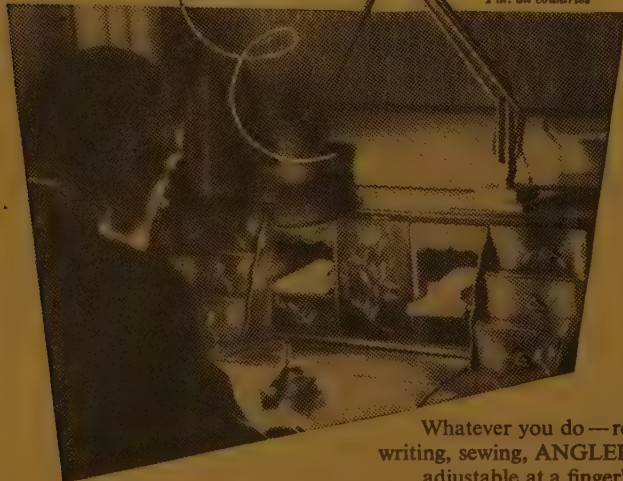
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the best line, one that Wilde must have mourned, 'Well, really, I'm not going to be imprisoned in the suburbs for having dined in the West End'. For suppers, sir, not for dinners! corrects the punctilious Gribbsby, adding that although the surroundings are middle-class, the gaol itself is fashionable and well-aired. And so on until John Worthing pays the debt—a habit with relatives, as Gribbsby knows—and the action can proceed. This is a cheerful, extraneous decoration; it preserves the airiness of 'The Importance', written by a butterfly for butterflies; here the melodramatic Wilde never clumps with his heavy boot. We were glad to hear it spoken by John Gielgud, Richard Bebb, and Jean Cadell. Val Gielgud directed. After this I suppose that revivals of 'The Importance' must be announced as in the 'complete' or the 'cut' text. We shall be 'vastly historical'.

W is our golden letter this week, W for Wilde and for Wit, also for Worldly Wisdom which brings us to an anecdote, 'The Back of Beyond' (Light), done at the beginning of the Maugham Festival. This was hardly worth doing as a play. Sharp on the page, it becomes blurred when we hear it spread over half an hour. There were safe performances by Googie Withers (wife), Jack Allen (husband)—'I never thought I would sink so low as to hit a woman'—and Ronald Simpson as the Resident, who persuades us that the right thing is the kind thing. Cayley Drummie said long ago: 'Like the old-fashioned playgoer, I love to see certain characters happy and comfortable at the finish'. So does the Resident. We shall be happier, I think, when Maugham the dramatist enters the festival.

Henry James' 'The Pension Beaurepas' (Third) was more likeable. Mary Hope Allen's version had a sharp fidelity: it probed the thoughts of these worldly American travellers and exiles: an odd little crowd in a vanished Geneva. Macdonald Parke's performance of the pathetic business man, with his attendant harpies, still clings to the mind. 'Mister Mysterious' (Home) may not, but it managed to avoid woolliness, and with that glum title one had feared the worst. Hamilton Dyce's voice helped one to credit the wistful husband: I hope that if the author revises the play, he will do something with the polysyllabically arch Chloe—a part that baffled its actress, and no wonder when she had to say such things, in effect, as 'I've strewed insect powder all over your conscience, and it shouldn't itch again until Monday'. Other snatches of the play were better than this; it was a pity that I should have found myself so inimical to Chloe.

W now for Wales. 'Who said the tide of our poetry had ebbed, Rhys?' exclaimed someone in the feature, 'Welsh Captain' (Third). Gwyn Williams takes us with ardour among Elizabethan and Jacobean poets, soldiers, Welshmen; the whole affair has the right flare and colour. It is like a torchlight procession that fades into a starlit night. So, finally, to the wisdom of 'The Bruce-Partington Plans' (Light) in which Mycroft Holmes himself lumbered in to Sherlock and Watson—even though it was unfortunate, in the present state of Siam, that he had to be away from his office—and Sherlock murmured, in a line that one must repeat to oneself in ecstasy, 'I must study Mycroft's list of spies in the hansom'. All Baker Street is there; and Sir John Gielgud spoke it as if he meant it. Yes, W for Wizard.

J. C. TREWIN

THE SPOKEN WORD

Trotting the Globe

THERE SEEMS NO END to what the B.B.C. can put me through as critic of the spoken word. For instance, it enabled me to see tomorrow last

week and I am still a little dazed by the experience. 'We Saw Tomorrow' was a United Nations recording which showed us round eight South American republics in the course of an hour. I can't say I thoroughly enjoyed my tour, but it left me enormously impressed by telling of many wonderful and heartening United Nations activities of which I knew nothing. These had been reported on by a team of U.N. observers who visited various centres in the republics where U.N. agencies are helping them to cope with their problems. We plunged into a Bolivian tin mine and learned how expert advice is helping operations, stood by while D.D.T. powder was squirted down the necks of Peruvian Indians to protect them from the typhus-carrying lice, heard how other agents have reduced malaria by ninety-seven per cent. in three years, how in Chile, where meat is scarce and fish plentiful, they are drumming the virtues of fish-eating into the native mind, and how the entire population of a town in El Salvador turned out to carry into the mountains the miles of piping which will give them a sorely needed water supply. These are only a few instances of the help which U.N. is sending to South America.

The reasons why I didn't wholly enjoy this broadcast are doubtless misplaced criticism of a programme designed for wide popular appeal, for those periodic outbursts of music and the occasional indulgence in the language of Wardour Street—the wings of time are spreading—and so on—which for me were irritating distractions from matter of absorbing interest, may very well have been inspiring adornments for the less captious listener.

After trotting round half the globe it seemed a mere toddle to accompany four distinguished Britons and their chairman, Denis Morris, to hold a 'Town Forum' in the Press Club at Milan. This was a lively affair. The atmosphere was cordial and the promptness with which the Italian audience took up the various points showed a high proficiency in English. Searching questions were posed. Was it a sign of weakness, a lady asked, that since the war we had freed so many of our colonies (by which she meant India, Pakistan, and Ceylon)? And a gentleman enquired if the English have any emotions, since they don't show any? A technical hitch in the home called me away while things were still humming, but I got back in time to hear our team gallantly justifying our excessive indulgence in tea-drinking. It was one of the best I have heard of these excellent broadcasts, a nicely balanced blend of gaiety and seriousness.

Julian Duguid, abandoning for the moment 'Green Hell', South America, and Pakistan, is at present pursuing Dr. Johnson into the more accessible fastnesses of the Scottish Highlands. I followed him both last week and the week before. He is an adept at picking up good stories on his travels and at selecting those vital details that evoke pictures in the mind's eye. He has, besides, an evident respect and affection for the Doctor which enabled him to tell us with unmistakable accuracy what Johnson would have thought or what pronouncement he would have made if he had seen the Loch Ness Monster or (as Mr. Duguid himself did) a sheep accepting a ham sandwich from a tourist.

And now, over to Bayreuth. So long as E. M. Forster talks it doesn't much matter what he talks about: he would, I'm sure, be as enjoyable on cabbages as on kings. As it happened, he chose neither of these themes; his subject was 'Revolution at Bayreuth' where he recently attended the Wagner Festival, a choice which brought the number of countries I vicariously visited last week to eleven. Mr. Forster enjoyed himself very much but not completely. He already knew his Wagner and he revelled once more in the gorgeous music, but he was often put

out by the new production devised by Wagner's grandsons and was extremely comical about some of its innovations. Listening to him I recalled Tolstoy's equally comical account of a performance of 'Siegfried' in *What is Art?* But Tolstoy in those earlier days couldn't stomach the music either and rushed from the opera house long before the end.

MARTIN ARMSTRONG

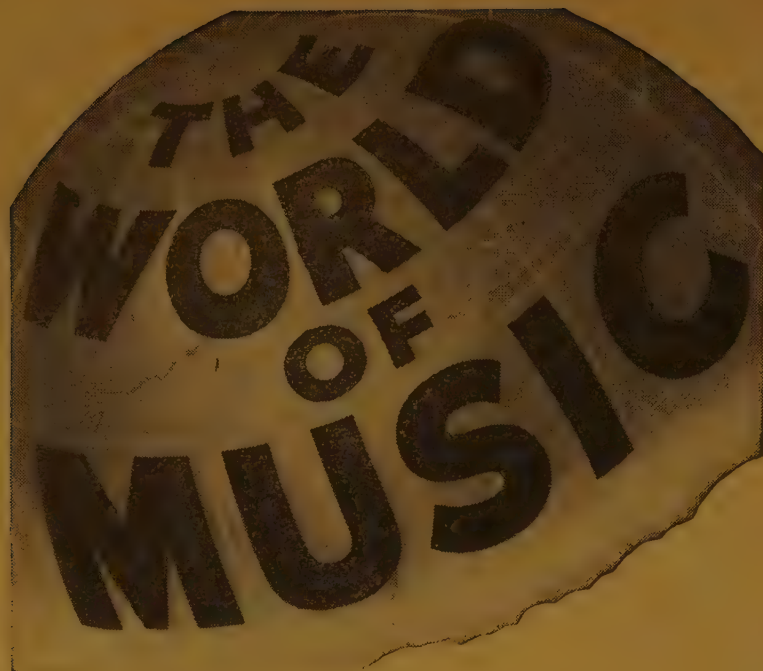
BROADCAST MUSIC

Prima la Musica!

BY A HAPPY ACCIDENT—or was it a brilliant design by the operatic department?—the Third Programme has given us on successive Sundays two operas in which the librettist's problem *solvitur ambulando*, the book getting itself written, so to speak, as the opera proceeds. Strauss' 'Capriccio' is an explicit essay in operatic theory carried into practice. In 'Il Turco in Italia' theory does not obtrude itself—who could have bothered his head less about intellectual discussions of aesthetics than Rossini?—yet Romani, that excellent theatre-poet, amusingly projects himself on to the stage in the person of Proscodimo and arranges the action as it unfolds itself. The result is deliciously fresh and entertaining; for, while burlesquing the conventions of *opera buffa*, Romani is able to turn their comic potentialities to new account. And Rossini responded to this amusing text with some of his most delicious music in a style which anticipates the plasticity and elegance of 'Le Comte d'Ory'.

Rossini would certainly have sided with Flamand in his argument with the poet, Olivier, and pronounced for 'Prima la musica—dopo le parole'. Strauss and his collaborator and interpreter, Clemens Krauss, hold the balance between text and music more fairly, and allow the claims of scenic spectacle, once a most important element in opera, to make themselves heard through the mouth of La Roche, the theatre director. Italian classical opera and even the ballet are given a chance to state their cases. And so, while presenting us with a Shavian conversation piece, this ingenious pair of artists contrive to introduce all the staple elements of opera—aria, ensemble, dancing in a spectacular rococo setting. And, again like Shaw, they generate from all this talk about operatic theory a moving human drama—more moving, indeed, than any contrived by the anti-sentimental Shaw, whose very wit tended to prevent his characters from coming completely to life.

But though the balance is fairly held, and though to anyone interested in opera the discussion itself must prove enthralling, it is the music that wins. And it was bound to be so. For Rossini was intuitively right. By its music an opera stands or falls. And this is just as true of Gluck's operas as of Verdi's, Wagner's, or Puccini's. 'Capriccio' stands firm by reason of its musical freshness and invention, which rarely fails the composer (except perhaps in the over-long speech of the theatre-director), and, above all, by the beauty of its melody. In this performance Rudolf Schock's singing of the sonnet, for which, as Flamand, he has just composed the music, was really soul-stirring. It was unfortunate, indeed, that Viorica Ursuleac (the Countess) was unable to carry us up to greater heights in the final scene, which may claim to be the loveliest and most touching of Strauss' soprano monologues—unless we include in that category the last of all, the four songs with orchestra of 1948. Fortunately both the vocal score and libretto of 'Capriccio' are now obtainable from Strauss' publishers in this country, Messrs. Boosey and Hawkes. So one's understanding and enjoyment of the highly successful performance directed by Krauss himself



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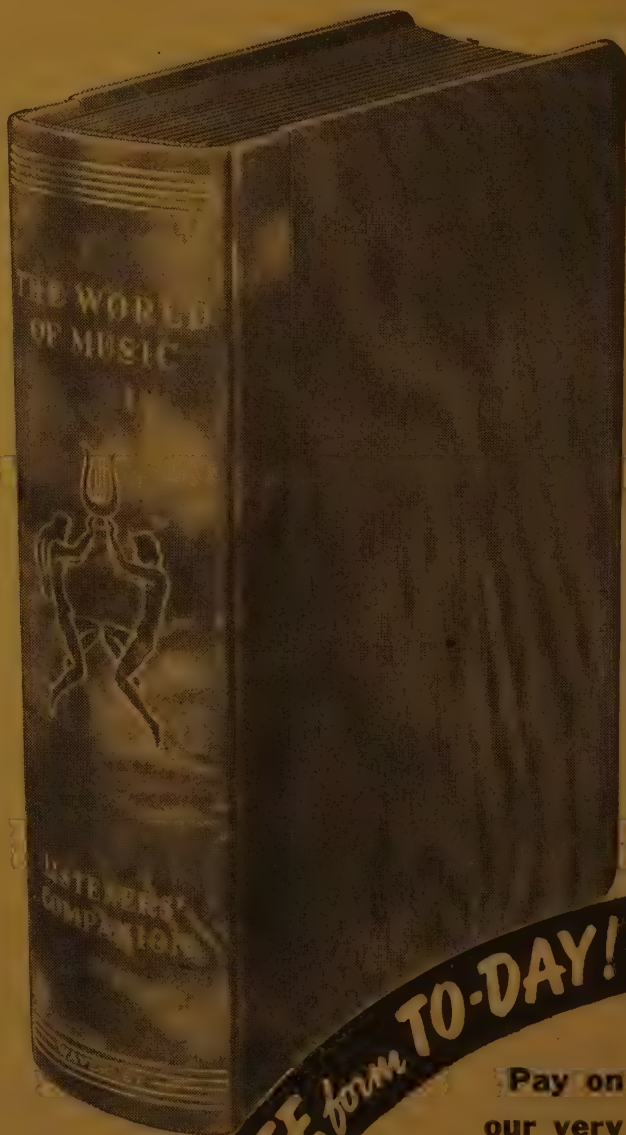
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shortly before he died, were enormously enhanced.

'Capriccio' is, indeed, the kind of opera that, given the text to follow, loses comparatively little in a broadcast. Ravel's 'L'Enfant et les Sortilèges' is, for different reasons, another. Colette's libretto is unconcerned with theory; it is pure fantasy. And just for that reason, the opera seems almost impossible to realise properly in the theatre. But we can, in imagination, as we listen at home, visualise the coming to life of the

chairs, the tea-pot and cup, the indignant clock, the figures on the wall-paper; we can see the bereaved dragon-fly flitting round the garden, and the frog jumping (plop!) into the pond. Rather unwisely, perhaps, I attended the actual performance in the Royal Festival Hall, and so got the worst of both worlds. For, while there were comical moments, as when a gentleman in tails spat and miaowed at a lady in an evening-gown, who returned the compliment over the conductor's live body, this sort of fun is not of

the essence of Colette's tale. Still, the little piece was well done, though not so well as in the Columbia recording from which it was last broadcast.

In the first part of this concert, which was conducted by Jean Martinon, André Navarra played Lalo's Violoncello Concerto with such lovely tone and phrasing that he almost persuaded one that the work is something better than second-rate.

DYNELEY HUSSEY

Bartók's Only Opera

By ALAN FRANK

'Bluebeard's Castle' will be broadcast in the Third Programme at 7.5 p.m. on Friday, November 12, and 8.35 p.m. on Saturday, November 13

BLUEBEARD'S CASTLE' was Bartók's sole essay in opera: furthermore, he wrote only two other stage works of any sort—the ballet 'The Wooden Prince' and the pantomime 'The Amazing Mandarin'. All three works were written when he was in his thirties, and thereafter he became increasingly an instrumental composer, writing concert works, many of which were commissioned. 'Bluebeard's Castle' was the earliest of the three, written in 1911, three years after the First String Quartet and in the same year as the well-known *Allegro barbaro* for piano. It had to wait, however, seven years before it was first performed. Bartók dedicated it to his first wife, Márta, who was sixteen years of age when, as a pupil in his class at the Budapest Academy, he married her. It was, in all conscience, a fierce and disturbing work to inscribe to so young a wife.

Its tense drama is unfolded in seven phases (with the addition of a sung Prelude and Postlude) as Judith, Bluebeard's last wife, is successively introduced to what lies behind each of the seven doors of his castle hall. The atmosphere, compounded of pathos and horror, is created more through the orchestra than by the voice parts. These are largely in *parlando* style and are so closely wedded to the Hungarian language that a severe problem is posed to the translator (in this case the English version is by Christopher Hassall, who has worked from a literal translation by Matyas Seiber). The score is influenced by the inflections of Hungarian folk music, but is very far from being 'folksy': in a competition for a Hungarian national opera, it was in fact rejected. Each of the seven short scenes—the music is continuous—has its distinct flavour and distinct orchestration: in most of them there first occurs a short orchestral passage illustrating the scene itself as revealed by the opening of a door, followed by Judith's sung reaction to it and in turn the impact upon Bluebeard.

After a short spoken Prologue, the curtain rises on a large and forbidding circular hall, with seven enormous doors. Sustained lower strings announce softly a mysterious pentatonic call in octaves, followed by a more sinuous phrase for woodwind with a noticeable mordent effect. At the very end of the opera this music recurs, re-establishing the F sharp tonality of the work. Bluebeard leads Judith into the hall and she demonstrates her love and her pity for him ('Dearest Bluebeard' or 'Joyless Bluebeard') in a phrase which is heard at several places throughout the score: it is always a descending phrase, though the intervals vary.

Judith shudders as she feels her way forwards in the shadowy gloom. The first appearance is heard, very softly on two flutes and two oboes, of the motive which pervades the whole work—

the 'blood symbol', consisting of a minor second, G sharp/A: 'Walls and rafters all are weeping' she sings. Bluebeard asks why she has come to the castle. There is a sudden change in tempo and mood as she excitedly explains—'I shall dry these weeping flagstones. . . . I shall warm this icy marble', and there is a loud climax as she sings again, in augmented note values, the descending invocation 'Darling Bluebeard'. She asks to be shown over the castle, and hammers, to strident chords, on the first door: there is an answering moaning and sighing. The door opens to reveal a blood-red rectangle in the wall 'like an open wound'. A beam of light is thrown across the floor from within.

At this point the orchestra plays the first of the short, impressionistic orchestral passages referred to above. It is strikingly scored for tremolo strings, with rapid figuration on woodwind and xylophone. Then Judith describes the torture chamber which she sees within. She is not intimidated, and kneeling in the beam of light she sings, above a rhythmic figure akin to that of a slow march: 'Watch and marvel, watch the sunrise . . . we must open all the doors'. The second door opens and Bluebeard's armoury is exposed to Judith's gaze: the scoring is largely for upper woodwind and trumpet. Judith walks along the second beam of light to very simple music, then reiterates her love for him in a short, passionate outburst. She again asks to be allowed to enter every doorway. Bluebeard addresses her in music of some tenderness, sustained by straightforward harp arpeggios.

Through the third and fourth doors, as Judith opens them, she discovers respectively the castle treasury and the castle's secret garden. In both cases the warm, picturesque mood of the music changes abruptly as Judith observes in horror that their contents—the coins and diamonds of the treasury, and the flowers of the garden—are all bloodstained. At the approach to the fifth door, we reach the most direct musical climax of the whole work. In a feverish two-four, gradually increasing in speed and volume, Bluebeard urges Judith to open this door. When she does so, a lofty verandah is shown, with far-reaching vistas, and a succession of solemn major chords, starting in C major, peals out on the full orchestra. The series of chords is twice repeated, interspersed by short passages for the two singers, Bluebeard exulting in his kingdom, Judith singing a laconic comment in a soft, expressionless voice.

Two doors remain to be opened and Bluebeard, striving to preserve his mood of rapture, is at first unwilling that they should be. But in an agitated section in which the minor-second motive is prominently used and developed, Judith insists that 'no single monstrous portal shall remain closed'. She unlocks the next door

and the hall becomes slightly darker: there are soft arpeggio figures on woodwind, two harps and celesta. She asks what is the mysterious sheet of water which is revealed, and Bluebeard answers 'Tears, my Judith'. He tries to dissuade her from opening the final door, knowing that if she does so, they are doomed. They embrace passionately, but soon the insidious minor second recurs and gradually she begins to guess what the last door hides, and with the blood motive becoming more and more clamorous she sings 'Now I know it all . . . all your former wives have suffered murder'.

She opens the last door and three former wives of Bluebeard appear (these are non-singing parts). Bluebeard describes in turn how he met each of these three, and in turn each withdraws through the door whence she came. To deeply expressive music, Bluebeard now crowns Judith and invokes her beauty. They gaze into each other's eyes, and then Judith slowly goes the way of the other women and the seventh door closes after her. The opening music of the opera is recapitulated, and Bluebeard sings his final words, 'Henceforth all shall be darkness'. Thus the struggle between life and death in two human souls is over.

That the last pages of the work are sung by Bluebeard alone is fitting; for he, rather than Judith, is the tragic figure of this sombre drama, in which the pathetic element overshadows the macabre: the listener is left with the ultimate impression of Bluebeard as an intensely lonely, pitiable figure, rather than a sinister or evil one.

From the point of view both of construction and of orchestration, the score is a masterly one. Vocally, it is perhaps less striking, because of its deliberate *parlando-recitativo* style. But the opera as a whole, despite the clear influence of Debussy's 'Pelléas', which more than one writer has pointed out, shows great originality. It is hard to think of any modern work written for the musical stage which loses less by being transplanted to the medium of radio. For this is a static opera, with virtually no dramatic action and no scenic elaboration, and with only two singing characters. It could, indeed, almost have been written for radio.

Among new publications are: *The Secret of Life: the Human Machine and How it Works*, translated by George Rosen from the original work of Dr. Kahn (Odhams, 15s.); *The Nature of Human Personality*, by G. N. M. Tyrrell (Allen and Unwin, 12s. 6d.); *Class Status and Power: a Reader in Social Stratification*, edited by Reinhard Bendix and Seymour Martin Lipset (Routledge and Kegan Paul, 42s.); *Conversations with Earth: The Autobiography of a Geologist*, by Hans Cloos (Routledge and Kegan Paul, 30s.); *Pragmatism: Philosophy of Imperialism*, by Harry K. Wells (Lawrence and Wishart, 15s.).

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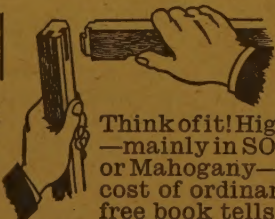
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For the Housewife

Choosing Bacon and Ham

By ANN HARDY

AS a food, bacon is extremely nutritious bulk for bulk, because it contains little water, so for work calling for much energy it is invaluable, especially when accompanied by foods rich in protein, such as eggs and peas or beans. Moreover, the curing makes it more easily digested than when eaten as pork.

Some of the bacon most popular with the housewife today comes from Denmark. The Danes breed a type of pig that produces good bacon that is a little leaner than much of the English bacon. But, at its best, it would be hard to find any bacon more delicious than our own home-produced variety, or any ham comparable in flavour with our famous York ham.

As in the choice of fresh meat, the external appearance of bacon gives an indication of quality. In choosing a ham, short, thick hams are the best. The fat should be white and not merely streaked with white. Yellow fat is a sure sign of staleness. The lean of good bacon is bright pink and is fine-grained. Very red lean may be salty or hard. Mild-cured bacon is always best bought in small quantities and sliced freshly. Smoked bacon keeps longer and better, but it must always be good quality, for smoking brings out any characteristic in the bacon, good or bad.

Like meat, bacon is cut differently in different parts of the country. Do not accept what is cut ready and on view on the counter, without enquiring and comparing prices. I cannot quote exact prices, for they, also, vary according to where you live, but as a guide to comparison in the price of different cuts, in one store at which I deal, ham, which, as you know, is one of the best cuts, is 4s. 8d. a pound, and shoulder bacon

is 3s. 2d.—a difference of 1s. 6d. a pound; while there is a difference of 10d. a pound between short back and middle-cut.

Let me take the average cuts of home-produced bacon. First, the luxurious gammon which averages fifteen to sixteen pounds. It is usually cut into three parts, all good boiling pieces—the gammon hock, the least profitable piece because it has the big bone; the middle gammon, a very choice bit; and the corner piece, the most practical one for the average family. It is usually about five pounds in weight, but you can have a smaller piece cut. It is practically all meat and no waste, and is much cheaper than buying ready-cooked ham. Gammon can also be bought sliced; the rashers are lean and of excellent quality but the price is high. An economical alternative for a boiling piece is the shoulder, or prime collar as it is sometimes called, which may be a little coarser in texture but can be thoroughly recommended. It is sold boned. The shoulder is about 1s. 6d. a pound less than gammon. There are two other good boiling pieces off the fore-end—the slipper, which weighs between two-and-a-half to three pounds, fairly lean, and the forehock, which is a much bigger piece but moderately lean.

For rashers, the best is the prime loin; then there is the thick back (that is the back and ribs), and the long back. The long back is a good boiling piece, too, slightly on the fat side. The cheaper rashers come from the thick streaky, the thin streaky, and the flank. In most shops today, particularly in the north of England, loin and streaky are sold in one long rasher as side bacon. This means that they are big sides, but if you want just the loin part, it will, as you

know, cost you about 10d. a pound more. On the other hand, if you are prepared to take the streaky end only, then that should be considerably cheaper.

At present there is available some good value—what is known to the trade as 'stout' English bacon. This means that they are big sides, but the extra weight is not composed entirely of fat, as so often used to be the case. A big northern distributor told me that he had handled last week some very large sides which were beautiful, and the best middle part was being sold at 3s. a pound.—*Woman's Hour*

Notes on Contributors

- RICCARDO ARAGNO (page 744): London correspondent of the Turin newspaper, *La Stampa*
JOHN MARLOWE (page 745): engaged until recently in commercial work in Cairo; author of *Anglo-Egyptian Relations 1800-1953, Rebellion in Palestine*
H. MONTGOMERY HYDE (page 753): M.P. (Unionist) North Belfast since 1950; author of *The Trials of Oscar Wilde, Cases that Changed the Law*, etc.
MICHAEL TIPPETT (page 757): composer of the oratorio 'A Child of Our Time', 'Symphony in B flat major, 1945', 'Fantasia Concertante on a Theme of Corelli for String Orchestra', etc.
MAURICE CRANSTON (page 759): historian and author of *Freedom—A New Analysis, Introduction to Switzerland, The Philosopher's Hemlock*, etc.
HENRY CHARNOCK (page 761): on the staff of the National Institute of Oceanography

Crossword No. 1,279. Unknown Quantity. By ffancy

Prizes (for the first three correct solutions opened): Book tokens, value, 30s., 21s., and 12s. 6d. respectively

Closing date: First post on Thursday, November 11

The figures in brackets after each clue are to assist the solver in placing the lights in their correct position in the diagram. They are arrived at in the following way. The 'alphabetical sum' of the letters of the light (i.e., its total numerical value if A=1, B=2... Z=26) is added to the number in the square to be occupied by the first letter of the light. This sum is further modified by the addition (in the case of across clues) or subtraction (in the case of down clues) of a number which is the same

in every case. (Where a clue is reversed, it is of course the number in the square to be occupied by the last letter of its light which is taken for this calculation.)

CLUES

- Not usually in orders, though (215, two words)
Lies, it may be, here: seems to belong to little Susan (168)
Two-horse chaise (150)
Spot Herbert, anyhow—he's relatively fairly close (149)
Not usually amours, though (145, two words)
The wretch has to stamp about a false scare (133)
Colic (126)
There's evidence of vigour to be seen in all us Tynesiders (126, rev.)
Gum needed for rear of vessel smashed by an iron tool (126)
Israeli old soldiers (124)
Stealthy movement of leaves and edible quadrupeds (120)
Is a convulsion after a punctilious start with stiffness of manner (116)
Everything in the Psalms becomes insipid (115)
How eagles turn to show contempt (113)
Traditionally inundated early in the year (112)
Announcement of vehicular identity in two syllables—or is it three (111)
To some extent the guru seems to be just an old ox (106)
Catherine can swim like a fish (97)
Sure, there's been some trickery (96, rev.)
Ends in my experience as essays always do (93)
Warp, slightly bend, enfold (93, rev.)
Are you in debt, you two? Sounds like it! (91)
The Maori also has some old coins (89, rev.)
State of equality revealed after 19's pennies have dropped (88, rev.)
Take an embarrassed pride in going again to the bran-tub (87)
Foreigner looks confusedly round an egoist (83)
Sail back for the rock (81)
Get on into the drink; all by yourself (77)
Robe cut short and altered for the Coronation (74, rev.)
Wanted to go down the mine? Missed yer hopportunity! (71)
Obsolete enclosure for raising or lowering boats leads to complete standstill (71)

- When this is over you get helped out (71)
Exactly half filled, with unfortunate consequences (70)
Doctor of law, Chancellor initially, begins biography (70, rev.)
I hop and I turn like a snake (68)
Mother's left the market in a terrible state—long, difficult journey to make (68)
An irritable editor has it in him to be really sanguinary! (67, rev.)
When 16 down it's unfortunate (67, rev.)
This part of England is certainly flat and rounded (63)
ELR, so to speak, on the high 33s (60, rev.)
Disturb Hera, and you'll get the bird, in a big way! (60)
So the French epigram begins: 'Dormant...' (58)
Calendar excesses (58)
Curative element in psychiatric treatment (55)
Placed to the west of Bethesda (54)
Has tormented sighs (53)
Marine found in research (48)
Scott's refusals to return to a small sick-bay (47)
Labour—and fast, for example (37)
How, for example, human disorders begin (33 rev.)
Doe's opponent (31)
Geddes' was a famous one (28)
Nigerian tribe returns to Siberia (27)
An inferior article of Persian origin (20 rev.)
Eccentricity in mode of address (10)

Solution of No. 1,277

- Prizewinners: 1st prize: J. G. Mauldon (Oxford);
2nd prize: F. L. Jukes (Falmouth); 3rd prize: R. D. Starkey (Farnborough)

A	x		
4	8	0	
	0		
B	2	9	1
		6	z
	c	3	2
		3	

NOTES

1. The number of nuts is $1024n-3$, when the final share is $81n-1$
2. The number of marbles is $3 + 3^2 + 3^3 + 3^4 + \dots + 3^{n-1}$, when n weighings at most are required. The instruction should have read: 'The odd one, and whether it is light or heavy, is to be found, etc.' *Trand* regrets his omission of the words in italics.
3. Distance up hill=distance down hill of same type. Speed on level=harmonic mean of speeds up and down hills of same type. There are twelve pairs of whole numbers between the numbers 10z and 21y inclusive which have the same harmonic mean as these numbers.

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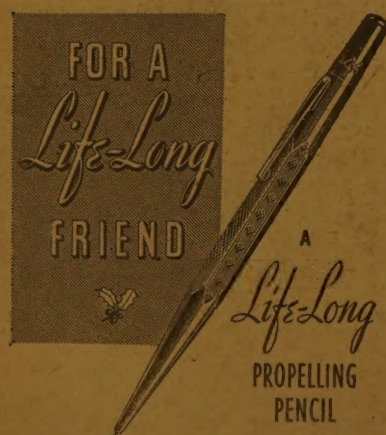
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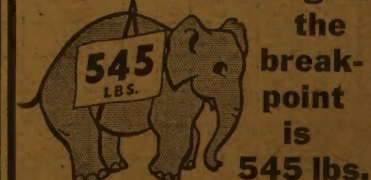
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